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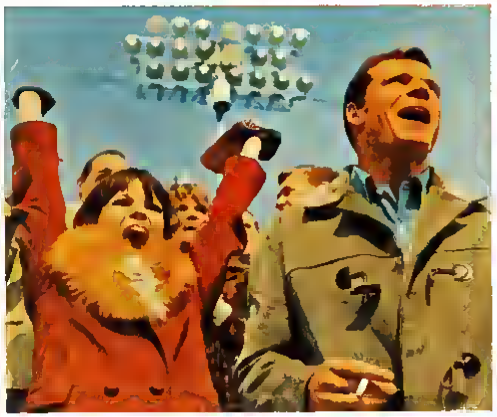
OCTOBER 1967 / CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE / PRICE 25¢

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MACLEAN'S REPORTS

OCTOBER 1967 VOLUME 80 NUMBER 10

The Vietnam war: what Canadians really think

MOST CANADIANS when they argue about Vietnam, tend to assume that they're speaking for the majority. But a surprising new opinion survey conducted in Montreal and Toronto for *Maclean's* and *Le Magazine Maclean* suggests that Canadians in both cities, while leaning toward the dove position, are as deeply divided on the question as the Americans themselves.

The survey conducted in midsummer by Montreal's Centre de Recherches sur l'Opinion Publique, involved lengthy telephone interviews on who's winning the war, what the U.S. should do about it and what, if anything, Canada's contribution should be. More than 200 persons were phoned in each city. But because of summer vacations — and the refusal of 25 percent of those approached to discuss the issue over the telephone — the results are based on 138 completed interviews in Montreal and 95 in Toronto. Survey officials say this sample is still statistically valid, despite the unusually high run-down rate.

If so, the survey indicates that Torontonians are markedly more hawkish than Montrealers. Just over half the Toronto respondents, for instance, think the U.S. intervention is in the best interests of the Vietnamese people, but only 37 percent of the Montrealers take this position. Similarly, the prospect of the U.S. sending more troops to Vietnam was almost three times as popular in Toronto as it was in Montreal (28 percent versus 11 in Montreal). Two thirds of the Montrealers wanted Canada to call for an unconditional halt to U.S. bombing of the north. In Toronto, the figure was 39 percent.

Not all these opinions, however, were based on adequate information. Only 45 percent of the Montrealers, for instance, could identify the continent in which Vietnam is located. (In Toronto, the figure was 73 percent.) Montrealers weren't much better at identifying which Vietnam the U.S. is assisting. Only 57 percent knew it was South Vietnam. In Toronto, 74 percent answered this question correctly.

Despite regional variations, the overall pattern apparently favors the doves. Respondents in both cities were strongly — but not overwhelmingly — opposed to a U.S. invasion of China (79 percent in Toronto, 64 percent in Montreal). Similarly, most respondents were against a U.S. invasion of North Vietnam, but opinion here was more divided: only 52 percent of the Montrealers were opposed, and 57 percent of the Torontonians. In both cities, respondents who thought the U.S. is losing the war outnumbered those who thought the Americans are winning.

But if the doves have a slight edge, it's balanced by a strong strain of fatalism about the whole messy business. Most respondents believed that Canada can't have much say in settling the war. And the widest agreement found in the whole survey was in response to the statement: "War is part of human nature. I think there will always be wars." In Montreal, 65 percent of the respondents agreed with the statement. In Toronto, the figure was a whopping disheartening 80 percent.

ALEXANDER ROSS

The Canucks who fight for Uncle Sam

Some are death-and-glory boys; some are conscripts. And all but one are hawks

SINCE MODERN WARS began, young soldiers at the front have been writing to their kid sisters back home. Ken Stoddard, serving with the U.S. infantry in Vietnam, was no exception. In a letter to his sister Judy, he complained about the heat and the monsoon and he told her about the captain who had died near Nhatrang.

Ken's letter also showed traces of bitterness about the way the war effort is being jeopardized by Stateside Commie sympathizers. "You know, things are getting pretty bad when the Hell's Angels stand up for the government while the men of Harvard send medical supplies to North Vietnam."

A typical G.I. letter? Not quite — for it was addressed to Judy Stoddard at the family home in Windsor, Ont. Ken Stoddard is one of the dozens — perhaps hundreds — of Canadians who have either volunteered or been conscripted to fight for the Stars and Stripes in a war most Canadians are glad doesn't involve them.

Nobody, nor even the Pentagon, knows precisely how many Canadians are serving in Vietnam. (The Pentagon admits it has 9,930 "aliens" on active service but claims not to have a breakdown.) However, unofficial sources have estimated that the outflow of Canadians into the United States services just about equals the inflow of U.S. draft dodgers into Canada. And Canadian reporters covering the war confirm that almost every U.S. unit seems to have one or two young Canadians whose Ontario or Alberta accents are showing the first traces of a soft southern drawl.

Why do they join? Certainly not out of ideological convictions. Most of the volunteers are 18 to 20 and seeking travel, training and the chances of a good fight. The might of the U.S. military commitment and the comic-book prestige of the U.S. Marines seem far more exciting and attractive than the unheroic peace-keeping operations of the Canadian forces.

Mike Bouchard, a 21-year-old from Nitro, Que., actually tried to join the Canadian Army first but was turned down on medical grounds. So he headed south and his mother now holds a citation saying her son "brought credit to the U.S. Army." Bouchard got the citation for nursing a damaged rank back through enemy lines to a Vietnam base camp.

John Bloxham of Toronto joined up in 1963 long before the big U.S. buildup to Southeast Asia. "Vietnam was the farthest thing from my mind," he says. Two years later, on Halloween night, he remained one of the few survivors after 400 North Vietnamese regulars overran the outpost he was manning.

Bouchard and Bloxham had a choice. Bill Whaley didn't. He moved to Toronto from South Dakota at the age of three, grew up feeling he was a Canadian and was halfway through a post-school European holiday when the U.S. draft notice reached him in Frankfurt. Seven months later he stepped off a plane in Saigon as a member of the 173rd Airborne Brigade.

Larry Cullen, who was born in the U.S. but grew up in Montreal, didn't wait for the draft letter. "I knew it would come," he told a reporter while resting on the side of a shell-pocked hill near Da Nang. "So I decided to enlist in order to serve in the Marines." As he went on to talk about his days in McGill University, now a world away, helicopters carted off the wounded from a battle that had just decimated his company.

The Vietnam Canucks seldom have ideological feelings before they join the U.S. Army but it doesn't take long for many of them to become second-hand superpatriots. Bloxham believes the war is necessary to prevent a second Pearl Harbor. Whaley firmly supports the Pentagon war policy. "The countries fighting in Vietnam are there for a reason. It's not because they are warmongers."

Richard Rachon, born in Windsor and a military policeman in Saigon, thinks the U.S. is being too cautious. "If I had my way it would have been an all-out war long ago. Too many Americans are getting killed."

Amid all the Canadian hawks there is one outstanding dove—and a dove with talons. He is Sgt. Donald Duncan of Toronto, once a much decorated hero of the Green Berets and now the military editor of *Ramparts* magazine. In a *Ramparts* article last year Duncan amused the Green Berets of employing Soviet-style torture methods. Duncan's recent book, *The New Legions*, bitterly attacks the U.S. presence in Vietnam and the self-justifying military minds that keep the war going.

Duncan now lives permanently in California. His says his conversion from unquestioning loyalty to dissent came about because of the accumulation of things I saw that conflicted with the reasons given." He admires his native Canada for its semi-independent stand on the Vietnam war. "It has helped the cause and it is a rather difficult position to take for a country that is practically owned by the U.S."

Whatever reasons Canadians have



Richard Rachon, 24, of Windsor, Ont., aboard a patrol boat in Vietnam, one of many Canadians who volunteered to fight for the U.S.

lot going off to fight in Vietnam and whichever opinions they come back with you're still wet no matter what flag you fight under. It didn't like Ken Stoddard long to lose his tourist illusions. As he wrote home:

Would that I were in home
Would that we were in home and
not at war
And the rain keeps falling
And falling,
And falling.

MARTYN BURKE

How Expo 67 helped and hurt tourism

Feasts of tourists flowed along the highways but in some byways it was bleak

A TORONTO MAN heading into Ontario's Kawartha Lakes tourist district last August on a business trip thought he'd try for a room in one of the better-known lakeside inns. Normally in high summer the place is packed. To his amazement he found the inn virtually deserted — no stall except for a gloomy barmaid and only two or three families as guests.

"It's Expo," explained the barmaid. "We're a bit off the beaten track so the cars don't stop here this summer. When they do they only stay a night or two."

There's no question that Expo and the Centennial celebrations have had a less-and-lamiee effect on the tourist business in Canada. The least was enjoyed by operators near the centres of celebrations and all along the mainstream routes to Montreal. Females hit the small out of the way resorts that depend on a series of two-week family bookings. Many people with only a two week holiday took them family to Expo.

In terms of pure volume however tourism was running higher than in previous years. The number of vehicles from the United States increased in all but two of the areas that report to the Dominion Bureau of Statistics. The exceptions were the Yukon Territory where car counts were down 2.9 percent, and Nova Scotia which reported in June that tourist traffic had dropped by a disastrous 14.5 percent. A breakdown of the national tourist picture:

• In Quebec province was good all over. U.S. car entries in June were up by a dizzying 22.3 percent over last year and many of the Expo visitors took time to tour other parts of the province on their way to or from the fair. The Quebec City branch of the provincial tourism department said it gave information to 51 percent more people than it did in 1966.

• In Ontario where this year's cool wet weather was good for raspberries but bad for people transient Expo traffic saved the summer. Niagara Falls didn't reap the bumper year it expected but after a poor start Toronto's Canadian National Exhibition achieved the three million attendance figure it predicted. "The old places — with one bathroom per floor or with rickety beds — didn't do so well," said G. F. Coyne of Ontario's tourist department. "But the newer, modern, even expensive places were filled up."

• On the Prairies and in British Columbia the picture was spotty. More than 100 000 people saw the Pan American Games in Winnipeg but business was down in many other places — particularly the national parks. BC reported good business in most of its nine tourist regions but throughout the west there was a surge in eastbound traffic (Americans sed Canadians heading for Expo) and a drop in westbound traffic.

• Nova Scotia and other Atlantic provinces estimate business dropped 30 to 40 percent below 1966 figures. Reasons include Expo, the weather ("toughest summer since 47") US race riots ("it made people nervous about leaving empty houses behind") and a threatened ferry strike.

Even the tourist operators hard-hit this season can console themselves that Expo and the Centennial have finally put Canada on the map. Many of the American visitors to Montreal were crossing the border for the first time. Undoubtedly they'll be back in years to come to see more of the country — as long as the tourist industry continues to promote itself intelligently.

SHEILA H. KIERAN

Cause and effect: packed parking lots at Expo left many beaches (e other parts of the country deserted throughout the summer



MICHEL VESSER

Backstage in the Arctic

Why Nanook of the North still can't read

Laing was furious when he found Dick and Jane had not yet left the Arctic

MANY CHANCES are being introduced this autumn in the schooling of Eskimos and Indians in the far north — three years after they were first ordered by Minister Arthur Laing and two years after he'd been told they had taken place. Now for the first time some Eskimo children may learn to read from books that are designed for them with pictures of objects familiar in the north and a super simple vocabulary for people who speak little or no English.

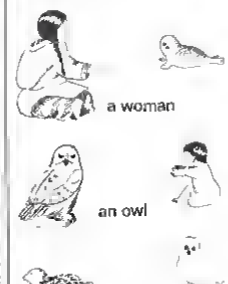
Laing's attention was first drawn to the deficiencies of Arctic schools in August 1964 when he took a party of diplomats, businessmen and journalists on an eight-day tour of the Northwest Territories and the Yukon. They were struck by the grotesque anomalies in the textbooks prescribed for Eskimos and northern Indians. Children in villages that had no roads were being instructed in the observance of traffic lights. Children who had never seen a horse, cow or pig were reading about Dick's and Jane's visit to Grandfather's farm. Worst of all, children who knew no English were being taught by teachers who knew no Eskimo with the same texts and techniques as in the schools of southern Alberta. The result was that hulking teenagers, still in grade three, wrestled hall heartedly with subject matter designed for eight year olds. The drop-out rate, though surmounted, was admitted to be fantastically high and the general social effect was disastrous.

Back in Ottawa, Laing ordered some changes made. Special textbooks were to be prepared, special teaching methods devised, special courses given to teachers who were going north. About a year later he was given to understand these things had been done — he recalls rather vaguely being shown some of the new textbooks for Eskimo use.

In August of this year Laing conducted another similar tour with a party that included several of the same people. They were startled and Laing was furious to find no changes yet visible in the Arctic schools they saw. Bookshelves still had stacks of *Fun with Dick and Jane*. New teachers were still arriving without the faintest notion of the problems they would face or how to cope with them. Local officials kept no track of the boys and girls who dropped out of school and could give no precise information on what became of them, though one experienced teacher said: "My impression is that they go back to become unemployed trouble-makers in the villages."

Laing returned to Ottawa in a state of considerable wrath but this time inquiries got more encouraging answers. The new textbooks were not yet in use but were about to be. So were some practical texts for older students, teaching things like cooking to the girls and (with specially hired Eskimo instructors) survival techniques to the boys. Some are printed in both Eskimo syllabics and English.

This summer 25 teachers hired for Arctic service came to Ottawa on full salary to take a course at Carleton University in methods of teaching non-English-speaking children. Pre-school classes have been started in several northern centres as a pilot project to teach the children English before they tackle grade one reading. No Eskimo teachers have yet been trained, but 35 bilingual Eskimo assistants were hired last year to help engineers over the language barrier and more will be employed as they become available. Vocational training has been expanding steadily — 829 students are taking vocational courses, plus 82 apprentices in various trades. Plans are afoot to allow Eskimos and



A new Eskimo primer: seals and owls make sense; cows and pigs don't.

northern Indians to qualify for trade certification by oral instead of written exams. Many can't write and more are too timid to try a written exam, whereby it's hoped that many more will qualify as skilled workers.

Perhaps most important of all an extensive study has begun on northern manpower—detailed inquiry into the education, language capability, family situation, income and employment record of each Eskimo and Indian in the north. A pilot study in the Great Slave Lake and Copper mine areas was carried out last summer. Machinery for a complete survey will be set up in 1968 and it's hoped the study can be finished in 1969. This will provide factual answers to the root question: "What has been the effect on the native peoples of educational programs to date?"

Apparently the reason for this burst of belated activity was a change of management in the education division, Northern Administration (Not to be confused with the education *directorate*, Indian Affairs, until recently an entirely different department and one where change has been at rapid progress for several years.) The former head of northern education left for another job 18 months ago and was succeeded by D. W. Simpson, one of his own subordinates, and a man who knew the establishment from the inside. Simpson broke up what one civil servant called "our little cabal" of elderly bureaucrats who ex-colleagues now admit had been quietly and resolutely opposing changes in the bud.

Laing is appeased by these developments but by no means satisfied. "We're not moving fast enough," he says. "Discovery of material resources is going ahead at a tremendous pace and development of human resources is not keeping up. Unless we can hurry it up somehow these new industrial projects will bring all their work force in from outside, and the people who live in the north will be as badly off as ever."

BLAIR FRASER



Minister Arthur Laing: changes in the north aren't coming fast enough

The hullabaloo behind hula hoop Mark II

GRACE YOURSELF. The hula hoop is making a comeback — properly patented on a wave of television promotion and with an added rattle. It is fully nine years since the simple extruded plastic hoops first had most of North America gyrating like so many whirling dervishes and sent a fair number of adult laddists into doctors' waiting-rooms with slipped discs.

The craze eventually died, say the manufacturers, as much because of excessive competition as lack of consumer interest. So many firms were turning out hula hoops that it took the original maker, the Wham-O company of California until 1965 to straighten out its patent. Wham-O has now licensed Toronto's Lil' Beaver Toys and Trucks Ltd. to make and market the hula hoop in Canada.

The Mark II hula hoop has an added dimension. Beads inside the plastic make a rhythmical rattling sound when the loop is spun. Lil' Beaver, who have a $500 000 advertising budget, are promoting the new version on 63 TV stations and retailing the hoop for $1.98. So far they have threatened infringement-of-patent suits against at least three other Canadian manufacturers who have tried to cash in on the publicity.

The hoops were test-marketed in Australia last January and were an immediate hit with the seven-to-15 year-old age group. Further tests in three United States markets early last summer confirmed that there is a new younger generation able to be turned on to hula hoops. Lil' Beaver is also out to reactivate adult interest.

"We're launching a diet program for adults involving hula hoops," says sales manager Ken Nuttall, "and we've got girls swinging around Expo with hoops to show how it's done. We'll also be sponsoring hula hoop competitions for people of all ages. The hoop is here to stay. After all, the yo-yo never really died out."

DOUGLAS MARSHALL

The Lutheran schism that split a village

Neustadt's two churches are in the same synod but are 98 bitter years apart

AS LUTHERANS everywhere have been remembering 1967 is the 450th anniversary of the year Martin Luther split with the Vatican by nailing his famous 95 theses to the church door at Wittenberg. When they're all through celebrating that schism, Lutherans in the little western Ontario village of Neustadt can still look forward to a remarkable centennial of their very own in 1969.

It's now 98 years since Lutheran settlers in the village 50 miles due north of Stratford quarreled, split into two congregations and began a local schism that has proved as bitter as it is durable.

As local history has it, volunteer workmen, busy building St. Peter's Lutheran Church began arguing over the niceties of communion. Seventy of them stalked angrily off the job. Within a year they had founded a rival Lutheran church—St. Paul's.

Today, while ecumenism flourishes elsewhere, the village lend remains a strong old tradition—reinforced by new conversions and accusations. Neighbors from opposing congregations habitually pass one another on the street without speaking. Even some families are divided—split by inter-congregation marriages which some consider far worse than marriages into other faiths.

Businessmen who are Lutherans but don't want to alienate either side attend a third Lutheran church two miles outside Neustadt, a village of 575. Youngsters from both congregations attend the same confirmation classes—but obediently part for separate confirmation ceremonies when their training is through.

The only adult with a foot in each camp is the minister the Reverend Walter Ludwig, who draws part of his salary from each congregation and preaches two Sunday morning sermons every week.

Almost since his appointment in December 1964, Ludwig has worked toward a merger. Early this year, he seemed on the verge of success. Arrangements were made for the two congregations to hold joint mid-week services during Lent, and by then the two church boards were holding joint meetings. At one meeting a member from one board made a motion to work toward a merger, and some body from the other board seconded the motion. Congregational voting was set for Sunday morning, Feb. 26.

Excitement ran high especially at St. Paul's. There in the early service the yeas were overwhelming—76 to 2. With the Reverend A. W. Lutz president of the Eastern Canada Synod — to which both churches belong — Ludwig hurtled hopefully over to St. Peter's. But there the vote went 52 to 36 against the merger — a triumph for an anti-merger group who had campaigned door to door.

Since then relations between Ludwig and the St. Peter's congregation have deteriorated largely as a result of an incident one Sunday when the minister cut short the communion service. As Ludwig read the responsive prayer which precedes communion members of the congregation sat silent or almost mumbled their parts inaudibly. The minister completed the prayer and closed the service — with out offering communion. From that day on his stock at St. Peter's never high sank lower than ever.

Part of the merger problem though is physical. St. Paul's has a congregation of 205 and St. Peter's 145 and there simply isn't room in either church for both groups at once. An architect has recommended tearing down St. Paul's and putting up a newer, larger building. But some at St. Peter's won't hear of it.

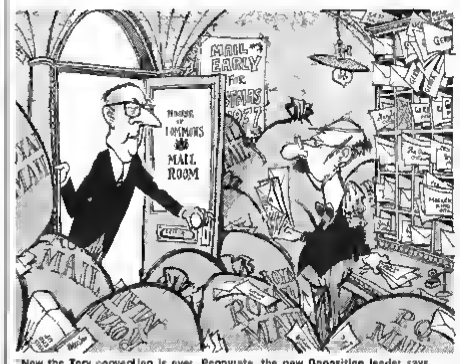
All in all a merger on any terms now seems less likely than it did even a year ago. Since the abortive attempt last February new bitterness has arisen. William Chalmers, a former St. Peter's board member who worked on the merger committee, now accuses St. Paul's leaders and the joint council of having tried to railroad the whole scheme. "I did a lot of soul-searching," he says, "and I found I couldn't support the way they were bringing it (the merger) in."

Lorne Wendauler, vice-chairman of St. Paul's church board, is perplexed by the attitude at St. Peter's. "I don't



Rev. Walter Ludwig: helpless shepherd of two warring flocks.

PETERSON ON THE PROWL



"Now the Tory convention is over, Pennyiate, the new Opposition leader says you can stop sending him all the letters addressed 'To Whom It May Concern.'"

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know why we can't get together," he says. "There must be just a few who are agitating (against the merger)."

Not so, says Chalmers, who declares St. Peter's will never agree to merge now under Ludwig—not since the minister refused them communion. That finished him off as far as St. Peter's was concerned. Respect for him is almost nil in St. Peter's. He'd be run out of here in a hurry if he tried a merger again."

Dr. Lotz, the synod president, insists lamely that Synod is serving in a consultative manner to assist the two congregations in resolving this situation."

Ludwig says: "I don't feel they'll merge while I'm here but I think they will some day."

Before that day comes, St. Peter's and St. Paul's seem likely to celebrate the centennial of their feud. Separately, of course. HAL TENNANT

In the West, $2 bills are funny money

But nobody's laughing. Even some bankers shun them as "bad luck"

EVEN THE Bank of Canada, which issues our currency, can't say why — but people on the Prairies don't like the two-dollar bill. They say it's unlucky. In Toronto, Montreal, Halifax or anywhere east of Manitoba, banks use one two-dollar bill for every two one-dollar bills. In British Columbia the ratio is one to one.

But in Regina, the Bank of Canada issues about one two-dollar bill for every 400 one-dollar bills in circulation. The situation is about the same in Winnipeg, Saskatoon, Calgary and Edmonton.

In Regina a few years ago the Interprovincial Steel and Pipe Corporation Ltd. wanted to make the city aware of the value of its payroll to local commerce. To do so one week it paid its employees with two-dollar bills — because the sudden flood of the rarely seen banknote would bring home to tradesmen just how important IPSCO was to the local economy.

In Calgary, a bank teller says that on the rare occasions they try to give a customer a two-dollar bill, it's usually refused. The local office of the Bank of Canada receives daily orders for banknotes of all denominations — but only about a dozen times a year do they get requests for two-dollar bills. And that's usually in May during local horserace week. Two dollars is the most common peri-mutuel bet.

Even people who regard the two-dollar bill as bad luck don't know why. Bankers, however, offer four tentative explanations.

One is that two is also "deuce" — and the word "deuce" is a common synonym for the Devil. Another is that the sum of two dollars is commonly associated with racetrack betting — and a few years ago, when Ironier puritanism was at its most powerful, race tracks were considered sinful, unlucky places.



Westerners dislike two dollar bills because "deuce" can mean "devil"

A third explanation, quoted often by Bank of Canada officials, is that in the late 1920s and early 1930s one printing of Canadian two-dollar bills bore a picture of the Prince of Wales (now the Duke of Windsor). At that time he was an adventurous young man prone to falling from his horse and injuring himself. These accidents were widely reported and people began to consider it unlucky to have anything to do with the Prince of Wales — or notes bearing his portrait.

The fourth and most plausible, explanation, is that the superstition was imported from the U.S. where, at the turn of the century, two- and five-dollar bills were so similar in design that people would often accept the two thinking it was the five. Whatever the validity of this explanation, the U.S. stopped printing two-dollar bills several years ago. There was, they said, no demand for them.

In Winnipeg, a senior official of one of the chartered banks still snips off the corner of every two-dollar bill that comes into his hands because, he says, somewhat shamefacedly, "it's supposed to make the bad luck harmless." But he doesn't know why the two-dollar bill is bad luck in the first place.

"We can't explain it, and neither can most of the prairie people who hold the belief," say officials in the Bank of Canada's currency division. "But then neither can we explain why people in Vancouver use more two-dollar bills than other parts of the country." ALAN EDMONDS

Stop press for fishermen

FLASH ON KOKANEE. On page 38 a report on the planting of Kokanee salmon in Georgian Bay and Lake Ontario ended on a cliffhanging note: would the new fish make good in their sophomore year or vanish without trace like earlier salmon plantings? The late bulletin is good: "Large runs" have been seen. One netter took 29 in a single haul. The salmon are back in the Great Lakes.

EDITORIAL

We can't run Canada on 17th-century rules

A MONTH OR SO ago, talking about the parliamentary session now resuming, Prime Minister Pearson said he had 25 "essential" bills to be enacted and 15 more that he called "desirable." But, he added, when time is deleted for departmental estimates and other routine business, only 46 sitting days remain in which to deal with the legislation.

Obviously the Prime Minister doesn't really expect to put 40 pieces of legislation, many of them both important and controversial, through parliament with an average debating time of 1.15 days apiece. Nevertheless, he wasn't exactly joking. It really would be "desirable," even if not strictly "essential," to dispose of all 40 bills this year — if only because the prime minister already has no fewer than 93 more items on his legislative list for 1968.

What does this preposterous logjam mean?

It means that mere tinkering with rules of procedure is not enough. Of course a lot of time now wasted could be saved by mending the rules, but not all that much time. The real fault is not just with obsolete rules or verbose politicians, but with our parliamentary system itself. There simply are not enough hours in the day, or days in the year, to carry on the nation's business in the 20th century by the methods traditional since the 17th. Fundamental change is required.

What sort of change?

It could take many forms, but one thing is essential. We must abandon the notion that the legislative process is a trial by combat. Governments must stop behaving as if every act of parliament were a partisan victory for them, and a feather in their caps. Oppositions must forget that ancient slogan, as absurd as it is evil, that "the business of the Opposition is to oppose."

We can no longer spare the time for these antiquated rituals. Nine tenths of the nation's business today is not so much controversial as complex. It deals with matters on which reasonable men may differ, but not necessarily on party lines. And any reasonable man's concern should be, not that his own opinion (or that of his party caucus) should prevail intact, but that the difficulties obvious to everyone should be tackled with everyone's full strength.

This sensible objective cannot be attained under our present system, but the reorganization that would make it possible need not be so drastic as to dislocate our political machinery. All it needs is a new cooperation and a new trust between Government and Opposition. Let there be one more stage of consultation — after cabinet approval, let there be Privy Council discussion in which Opposition party leaders would take part. For the nine tenths of the work that is not controversial in the partisan sense, let all-party working groups be appointed who would be expected to present an agreed draft of legislation, and whose work could be accepted as automatically as both Houses used to accept the reports of the Senate-Commons Committee on Divorce.

We do not suggest that these committees should work in secret. All their proceedings could be open and on record. What they need is not secrecy, but deliverance from the obsolete rituals of combat that still govern the deliberations of the whole House. And by thus undertaking the hard work of drafting complex but politically innocent statutes, they could clear the parliamentary decks for the remaining 10 percent of all legislation that is genuinely controversial, and on which governments stand or fall.

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MACLEAN'S

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MAILBAG

Ralph Cowan for PM? / Stage & critic

HATS OFF TO Ralph Cowan [*Can Ralph Cowan Defeat the French Anglo-Establishment?*]. As a WASP who was born and raised in Quebec I agree with Cowan 100 percent on the problems of French Canada. If he ever becomes prime minister there will be a lot of Canadian WASPs rallying to Canada to back him.
BILL CLARK, NEW YORK, N Y

* I am sure the day is not far away when Canada will have its ghosts in freedom from this type of monarchist. We have had too much already.
J. RENAUD, CHATHAM, ONT

* Walter Alan Edmonds states "Cowan fought to retain the Union Jack as Canada's flag as bitterly as he'd fought for anything." That fight was to retain the Red Ensign — not the Union Jack — as Canada's national flag. More power to Ralph Cowan.
RUSSELL B. ZINCK, HALIFAX

* Thank God and all our lucky stars, we have a man like Ralph Cowan. To find one man who has the guts to defend the English in Canada is indeed most refreshing. The present government in yielding to the French all down the line. They should give Quebec full independence than the rest of Canada could swim and be strong and make Ralph the prime minister.
J. STICKLES, LONGUEUIL, QUE.

* While not subscribing to the wild opinions of Ralph Cowan, I grow weary of the term WASP and those who use it. The great Esperanto Nirvana each attended a gathering where the son of a millionaire of Jewish extraction denied being a Jew. Naturally, who was a Jew addressed him in Italian tones. "At you haven't a Jew in me explain to you something about my people. Like all nations we have patricians and plebeians. The plebeians are ashamed of their origin."—JOHN M. MCEWEN, ASSOCIATE PROFESSOR, DEPT. OF HISTORY, BROCK UNIVERSITY, ST. CATHARINES, ONT.

* How refreshing to hear of an MP who isn't a yes man! At some points within Alan Edmonds sounds a little petty concerning Cowan's likes and dislikes — maybe Cowan has a bias against reporters but after 36 years in the newspaper business he possibly has a right to be so biased.—MR. & MRS. TOWNSON, BURLINGTON, ONT.

* We don't worry in Quebec about Cowan's brain — or any Englishman's, for that matter. We only hate louder.
P. BEAULIEU, QUEBEC CITY.

* Cowan quoted as saying to French Canadians: "It's time you all accepted the English conquest of 1763 just as the English accepted conquest by William the Conqueror." Then the Saxons were dominated by the Normans for almost four centuries. During the period England was involved in French and Continental affairs with the result that English national consciousness scarcely existed. It was only after dynasties ties were severed with the Continent that a fusion of Saxon and Norman cultures developed. The most important lesson we Canadians can learn from English history is that English-speaking Canada must cut loose from the rest of the English-speaking world just as the French Canadians have been isolated from their motherland. French and English here can likewise fuse into Canadians as the Saxons and Normans fused into a new nationality.—HERMAN J. PARK, CAPREOL, ONT.

* Bully for Ralph Cowan! He is probably respected more by the French Canadians than these pussyfooting individuals who are afraid to tell the truth and run always trying to butter them up. The deal the French Canadians got was a hundred times more generous than they would have given the English if the shoe had been on the other foot and also more generous than they were getting from their own mother country, which was bleeding them white with rotten political ills. If the French Canadians missed the boat financially for many years, it was not the fault of the English Canadians but their own ultranationalistic dictated by their church.
S. A. HICKEY, OTTAWA.

Relax, fellas, you're safe

It may interest Jon Ruddy, author of *Tim Meeting Game* to know that here at the Lakehead we have several lounges where "dinner gals" can go for a drink and enjoy good musical entertainment without raising their inhibitions. What makes men think that all unmarried girls can't enjoy an evening without chasing them? Pure nonsense!
MARLENE JOHNSON, PORT WILLIAM, ONT.

A word on words

Just to set the record straight in the article on singing-commercials composer Bob Hahn (*The Humanizing Formulas of Bob Hahn With* Reviews) I wrote the *Wherever You Go Time Flows* jingle Hahn subsequently set to music.
MRS. MICHAEL G. BIRCHWOOD, MONTREAL.

Canadian theatre lives!

In *Stratford's Midsummer Rites Wrong, Our Theatre* (Reviews) Peter Gzowski writes that theatre is English-speaking Canada is "moribund." He adds, "In the timeless metres — Edmonton, Calgary, Halifax, Charlottetown, Ottawa — the story is, with rare exceptions, one of struggle. And of struggle to do what? To present cautious copies of long year-old plays from London or two year old semi-successes from New York. There is in other words, no Canadian theatre at all." Gzowski's scorn notwithstanding that the Charlottetown Festival is not only successful but naturally Canadian in its content. Since 1964 it has launched nine productions of Canadian plays and musicals, commissioned symphonies, worked and introduced performers in a wide variety of fields. I am getting tired of commentators who denigrate the scene by the simple expedient of ignoring what is actually going on. — MEVON THORP, ARTISTIC DIRECTOR, CHARLOTTETOWN SUMMER FESTIVAL.

* Such articles are most detrimental to Canadian theatre. They undermine public opinion and inhibit the receptive approach. Let's take the positive up

continued on page 106

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Fire...how can you save children like the McCarthys?

One night while baby-sitting for her little brother, Betty McCarthy, age 14, smelled smoke. She ran along the hall, which was filling with smoke, toward the bedrooms. Her brother was sound asleep.

Betty knew she had to act fast. Fortunately, she had been taught what to do.

She grabbed two blankets and wrapped her brother and herself in them as protection against flames and heat. Then the two of them crawled under the thickening smoke to the front door. Betty placed her hand on the door. She knew if it felt hot, she would have to use another way out. The door was cool.

Betty and her brother got out, went to a neighbour's and promptly put in a call to the fire department.

What could have been a terrible tragedy was avoided because their parents had rehearsed Betty and her brother in what to do.

Every family should have a plan of escape in case of fire—and rehearse it.

Here are 10 important rules to follow:

1. Get out of the house fast. Do not delay for any reason.

2. Be sure everyone knows at least *two* ways to get out of the house from each room, especially upstairs bedrooms.

3. Teach older children how to open windows (and screens) which face onto a fire escape or roof.

4. Feel a door for heat before opening it. If hot, do not open. Closed doors hold back flames and smoke.

5. Always close a door you have opened in a burning house whether you leave the room or not.

6. Remember that smoke and hot gases can be as dangerous as flames.

7. If you have to go through a smoke-filled room, keep low, take short breaths, and cover your nose and mouth with a cloth—preferably a damp one.

8. Decide beforehand where everyone should meet after leaving the house.

9. Don't return to a burning house. "Once out—stay out."

10. Report the fire at once on your neighbour's phone or at the nearest alarm box. Tell the firefighters if anyone remains in the building.

EMERGENCY CARE

Sooner or later, nearly every family faces a sudden, unexpected fire, accident or illness. You'll be better prepared to meet emergencies with confidence if you've planned in advance exactly what to do. Keep your family physician's and your fire and police departments' phone numbers handy. Know the fire, health and safety resources available in your community. For example your town's firefighting equipment, ambulance service, volunteer rescue squads, poison control center and the emergency care program of your hospital.

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Thanks to doctors and hospital staffs, more and more patients walk out of hospitals now, relieved of ailments that were once almost always fatal.

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BRUCE HUTCHISON'S UNKNOWN CANADA

It lies, says this noted editor and author, not in the cities or in man's institutions, but in the land and the people's dumb love of it. A moving testament to an unperceived Canada each Canadian must discover for himself

MY LIFE FORKED when I purchased some acres of an old farm outside Victoria and, 25 miles away, a cabin beside a mountain lake. From then on I had to walk two diverging trails and follow two different trades at the expense of both.

In those days, in the best of times and the best of countries, a poor man could easily buy real estate but, under a law unrecognized by any legislature, he could not truly own it by mere exchange of money and documents. Real ownership, or rather the brief lease granted for a lifetime, must be established by more binding title deeds: by his own labor, by the immersion, almost the premature burial of his body in the earth.

Once I had driven my preliminary fence posts (some of them still standing beneath giant trees planted at the same time) these upright shafts of pungent cedar penetrated at least the outer crust of reality. They registered like exclamation marks on a printed page, a decision all the more irrevocable because I did not suspect or understand it. When I planted a garden, built more cabins beside the lake and cut my firewood of alder in the swamp I was beginning to master a second trade more engrossing and certainly more useful than the first. And while I made a good pretence of interest in journalism and politics, at times almost believing it myself, I was wedded to the rich earth and the teeming forest of Vancouver Island.

This article is excerpted from Bruce Hutchison's Western Windows *to be published this month by Longmans Canada Ltd.*

The business of newspapers was done with my clumsy left hand. My skillful right gripped a double bitted axe, a crosscut saw or a spade. Various employers assumed that they had bought all my energies and never guessed, in their innocence, that I was taking their money by fraud. As the heroine in the old melodrama of my young days used to confess, I was living a lie. Despite my bungling attempt to contain it, the lie soon leaked into my daily columns.

It would be gratifying to say that I refused lucrative jobs in distant cities from lofty motives and natural modesty, but in fact I acted from a mixture of selfishness and cowardice. I could not bear to give up my comfortable, humdrum life and I dared not face either the city's turmoil or the competition of its abler journalists. It was so much easier to stand on the sidelines, to peer through the trees at the men who carried the nation's burden, to denounce them safely in print and then to sneak into the swamp where they could never find me.

Thus the deception of my double life continued until the feckless habits formed in youth were too fixed and cosy to be broken. This made for happiness, not for good journalism. But, needing money to support my private luxuries, I practised enough public journalism to prevent me ever becoming a good farmer or woodsman. The jack of two trades was master of neither. Now I am too old to care, and no man could have been luckier or happier in his surroundings, in half a dozen friendships (a high total as this world goes) and in wealth not measurable at the bank. / continued on page 97



Photos by Horst Ehrich

LaPierre on the beauties of PEI "It wasn't just a beauty contest. We had to pick a girl who could communicate with her mind as well as her body. Island women don't wear miniskirts, but they've got spontaneity, charm, chic — the sophistication that goes with a kind of natural grace."



LaPierre on Seven Days *"If that program did nothing else, it showed that people in this country have things in common. It was a national dialogue."*

HOW LAURIER LAPIERRE STAYS FAMOUS

IT WASN'T SUPPOSED to be a political visitation. Laurier LaPierre, former TV star, present politician and — by his own semi-serious admission — future prime minister of Canada, had been invited down to Summerside, PEI, to judge the island's Centennial beauty pageant. And since the Centennial committee had laid on a car and a seaside cottage, the LaPierres and their two small sons spent much of their 18-day stay lounging on PEI's wide, white beaches. But somehow, the family holiday also became a triumphal meet-the-people tour that George Hees would have envied.

As a candidate, and as one of several plausible contenders for the NDP's post-Douglas leadership, LaPierre is running hard. His fame as the fired co-host of *This Hour Has Seven Days* has made him better known than most federal cabinet ministers. And his stature as a bicultural spokesman and a respected academic are beginning to convince people who'd never dreamed of voting NDP that socialists can actually be presentable. Accordingly, LaPierre is currently one of the country's most sought-after celebrities. He receives about six speaking invitations every day. In the months since his purge from *Seven Days*, he's accepted 120 of them, and also manages to meet another hundred-odd people every week at political coffee parties in his suburban Montreal riding of Lachine. "In a way," he says, "it's a continuation of the nationwide dialogue that started with *Seven Days*." So far, the dialogue shows no signs of abatement, which means that Laurier LaPierre — professor, politician, controversialist and connoisseur of Maritime pulchritude — may never stop being a national figure.



LaPierre on the light fantastic "This is at the lieutenant-governor's ball in Charlottetown. We danced for hours — my wife Jo was with somebody else when this picture was taken — and got home at 4 a.m. Islanders are the friendliest people I've ever met."

continued





LaPierre on fatherhood "My two boys are very different Thomas — that's the younger one with the baby bottle — is very spontaneous, very fond of mild mischief Dominic — he's four — is much more affectionate, less stubborn But right now they're both night walkers They prowl around in the middle of the night switching on lights, and then they're wide awake again at dawn.'

The LaPierre Generation: Can it make the NDP win?

BY BLAIR FRASER

LAURIER LAPIERRE didn't really expect to be taken seriously when last April he told an audience in Timmins, Ontario that he might be leader of the New Democratic Party by 1970 — and if I'm leader I'll become prime minister maybe in 1984

LaPierre thought the reference to Nineteen *Eighty-Four* the title of George Orwell's bleak Utopia was clue enough that he was speaking tongue in cheek The audience didn't get it He was solemnly quoted as having nominated himself "prime minister in 1980"

He hadn't quite intended to say so but LaPierre had no wish to issue a denial or correction He does believe retirement at 65 should be as compulsory in politics as it is in industry (That's what he and his audience were talking about when the subject of leadership came up) Tommy Douglas, the present NDP leader, will be 65 on October 20 1969 If the NDP should therefore hold a leadership convention in 1970 LaPierre will probably be a candidate — if by then he is still a member of the party that elected him a national vice president last July His collision last year with CBC management over *This Hour Has Seven Days* showed he is not the easiest man in Canada to homogenize into a smooth bland team player It also showed he is not a man to fade anonymously into the background of any scene in which he is engaged Now having gone into politics LaPierre admits quite freely that his natural inclination is to go for the top

Few Canadians have better reason to know that the top is accessible in this country to an able man with luck no matter where he starts from Long before he became vice-president of a national party even before he became a television host of national fame (when he took over *Inquiry* in 1963) he had come a long way from the remote village of Lac Mégantic Quebec where he was born 37 years ago

LaPierre is a fully accredited citizen of both of Canada's *deux nations* but within the two he moves at very different levels In the English speaking community he has all the necessary credentials to be a member of the Establishment His wife the former Paula Armstrong, is a granddaughter of the historian George M Wrong and a niece of the late Hume Wrong a Canadian ambassador to Washington LaPierre is thus related by marriage to a considerable fraction of the old aristocracy of Upper Canada

To this he can add his own qualifications as a PhD of the University of Toronto an associate professor of history at McGill who has lately become head of his own new department an author of many articles on scholarly subjects, editor of one book author of another, and a public speaker who is in constant demand by select audiences from coast to coast His excellent English sounds all the better for being delivered in a Maurice Chevalier accent

But there begins the rub LaPierre's English is distinctly better than his French Not long ago Luc Beauregard, a parliamentary correspondent of *La Presse* Montreal wrote of LaPierre "He's bilingual all right he speaks both English and *Canadian*"



LaPierre on being a celebrity "You'd think people would stop recognizing you in the street, but they don't. At Expo people asked me to sign passports"

This has led many people to a wrong inference — that he is one of those English-speakers who happen to have a French name and can pass themselves off as French Canadian among the English Nothing could be farther from the truth LaPierre is authentically French Canadian more so perhaps than some of his French-speaking critics Neither of his parents can speak a word of English nor could Laurier himself until he was 13

Why then does he speak bad French? The answer is simple and no compliment to Quebec's educational system Laurier LaPierre speaks English like the Toronto PhD and the McGill professor that he is But in his parents' home he speaks what he himself calls the *patois* of French Canada's working class like the day laborer from rural Quebec whose son he is proud to be.

Lionel LaPierre Laurier's father never went beyond grade three in the one room school of St Ludger Frontenac County where he was born "My mother since she was destined to teach school went to grade six their son explains sardonically Laurier was born the fifth of seven brothers and sisters in the village of Lac Megantic near the United States border *Continued on page 92*

LEISURE LIVING

OLD RELICS OF THE STEAM AGE NOW ARE THE PRIDE OF COLLECTORS, AND THE

CHUFFERS RIDEAGAIN!



Chulla chulla chulla . A 20-22 horsepower Waterloo, with a good head of steam, trundles across field at Milton, Ontario, site of the annual Steam [illegible] show put on by southern Ontario steam buffs



Operator John Kenotick rests beside a 1910 American Abell (Cock o' the North) steamer, Toronto-built

CASEY JONES was scalded to death by the steam and his engine presumably became a red-rust hulk in some steam-era graveyard. Good things and good people vanish. The steam engine was efficient, but not efficient enough; powerful, but not powerful enough; and no more will the big black puffer bellies chuff across the face of this continent, mighty pistons pounding, whistling with exquisite loudness. But their memory is cherished by almost everybody who saw them shunted off the track by the pugnacious diesels, and a keen group of enthusiasts — despairing at the cost and logistics of setting up Old 699 in the backyard — has taken to refurbishing other relics of the steam era: 1923 Stanley touring cars and 1925 Brooks steamers made in Stratford, Ont., with their whiplash acceleration. And farm equipment: John Goodeson steam engines made in Sarnia, Ont.; 75-horsepower Case plowing engines from western Canada; American Abell (Cock o' the North) steam engines from Toronto — the products of eight or 10 Canadian manufacturers that went bust or switched to internal combustion in the 1920s and 1930s.

And there is something — a feeling of greasy nostalgia — about climbing onto the operator's platform of a Robert Bell steam traction engine, a Sawyer-Massey steam engine, a 20-horsepower Waterloo, reaching for the throttle and —

" — they have an exhaust sound but the sequence isn't the same as a gas engine's because the cylinder arrangement is different," says Gordon E. Smith of Orillia, Ont., who, like most steam buffs, expresses the romance in his soul in mundane terms: cylinders, bunkers and cog wheels. Smith is a Volkswagen dealer, the secretary and past president of the Ontario Steam and Antique Preservers Association Inc., and the owner of a plethora of steam equipment including a horse-drawn George White steam threshing engine built around 1875 in London, Ont., and a 1916 Sawyer-Massey 76-horsepower plowing engine that was used to break the Canadian prairie. He keeps all this stuff on a piece of land he has for that purpose outside town.

Steam buffs — there may be 1,000 collectors in Canada — find most of their prizes on farms. Smith bought his George White engine for */continued overleaf*

A George White steam threshing engine made in London, Ontario, back in 1905



BY JON RUDDY/PHOTOS BY PAUL LYNCH







With brass polish and elbow grease steam buffs keep emblems and other insignia proudly expressive of the golden age of steam. Left, emblem of Case engine from western Canada. Below, emblem of a steam traction engine made in Ontario. Below left, the cylinder and nameplate of a Sawyer Massey machine made in Hamilton.

continued / about a cent a pound from the original owner, a farmer east of Peterborough, Ont. Replacement parts have to be mostly hand-made nowadays. Smith says: "You can pick up the odd gear in a scrapyard, if you're lucky." He can put no value on his collection. "The equipment is worthless to outsiders — they probably think we are a bunch of nuts. There is no real market. To a steam buff, my western steam tractor might be worth $4,000. Then again it might be worth $500. I'm not interested in selling anyway." His best pieces might end up in a proposed Ontario Agricultural Museum at Milton, Ont.

Chuff-chuff nostalgia has built up a big enough head of steam to inspire a new category of hobbyist literature and a series of why-not-bring-back-the-steam-car? articles. ("It could have gone either way," Smith insists. "The internal-combustion engine won out because the steam people weren't improving their product.")

There are several large "Thresher Clubs" in the U.S., where the collection of steam equipment became a full-fledged hobby in the early 1950s, and a half dozen or so smaller ones in Canada, mostly in Ontario. There is a group of steam buffs around Saskatoon that puts on an annual show called Pion Era. The biggest Ontario group, the 200-member OSAPA, has sponsored a show called Steam Era at Milton on the Labor Day weekend for the past six years.

The three-day exhibition starts at noon on the Friday, when about 30 snorting steam engines — their boilers fired with dry rails or steam coal ("for a nice atmosphere of smoke," says Smith) — trundle up Main Street to the Fairground. Road graders, threshers, traction engines, road locomotives, steam plows, puffing and clanking, brass shined up, cog wheels flying, and the operators up there on the platforms smiling like six-year-olds. Ah! the romance of steam! ★

CHUFFERS *continued*

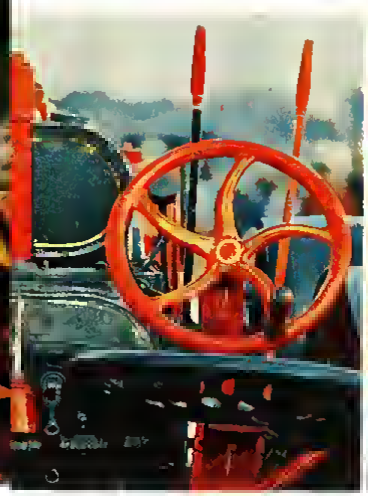


Smoky view from the operator's platform of a restored Robert Bell steam tractor.

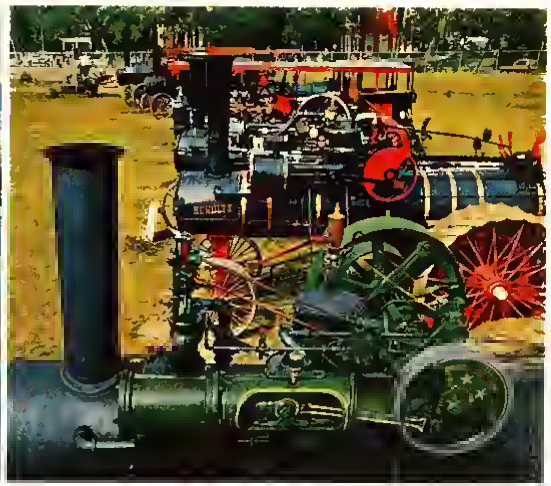


Past the grandstand chugs a 75 horsepower Case plowing engine. Right, counter-balance wheel and crankshaft from a John Goodeson engine.





Behind the wheel of an Eagle tractor. Right, part of monumental Steam Era lineup at Milton. Altogether now: chuffa chuff chuff chuff.



Every once in a while, a theory comes along that explains

EVERYTHING.



Darwin invented one.

So did Karl Marx.



So did



Freud and so,

of course, did our own



Marshall McLuhan.

And now meet Clare Graves,

a U.S. college professor who's

devised a theory that explains

why China is belligerent,

why hippies act so cool, and

why you're not getting along

with your boss or your mate



IF YOU'VE DESPAIRED of making sense out of life — and worse still, the people you have to deal with — take heart. At last someone's come up with an easy-to-understand system that appears to explain *everything*.

The idea's so simple that it's fast becoming a favorite cocktail party game. Publishers are vying for the right to publish it, and interviewers are clamoring to meet the man who discovered it. Clare Graves, 52, a mild-mannered hitherto obscure psychology professor at Union College, Schenectady, New York. With a properly professorial mixture of amusement and concern, Graves is seeing his theory rapidly propel him toward something of the status of a new Marshall McLuhan.

First published in the respected *Harvard Business Review*, Graves' idea brought requests for 15,000 reprints — and they're still coming in. A New York publisher, a reader who looked at the first chapter of Graves' forthcoming book reported: "Either this is one of the worst pieces of malarkey or it is an honest-to-God breakthrough. I just don't know which." But according to David Ewing, associate editor of the *Harvard Business Review*, academics and businessmen are taking it most seriously. "So far," says Ewing, "there's been nothing but good response, both from the academic community and outside."

What Graves has done is to isolate and scientifically measure what he calls seven "levels" of human existence. Every one of us falls into one of the levels, which range from level One, a human vegetable, to level Seven, the highest form of man. The levels have nothing to do with age, intelligence, success, affluence, education or any of the other conventional yardsticks. What they do indicate is our degree of civilization and self-development — the distance that separates us from the apes.

Despite its potential as a cocktail-party "numbers game," Graves devised his system as a serious academic thesis, the result of 14 years' painstaking research, much of it with a machine called a Jachistoscope.

With the system it's possible to gain fresh insights into our own and others' behavior. If you're having trouble with your wife, for instance, it could be because she's still a Three, while you've climbed up to a Five. If the boss is driving you mad, perhaps he's a Five and you're a Six. John Dielenbaker and Lester Pearson? Well, read on and judge for yourself. The whole beauty of Graves' system is that it applies to *everyone*, and it explains why the supposedly great minds in every field have rarely been able to agree. The answer is that they were *all* correct — for their own level of existence and that of the society around them.

The system is easiest to understand in the light of how Graves came to formulate it. "All my life," he says, "I've been confused and perplexed by the fact that on every damn subject there are so many schools of thought. Take psychology. The whole field is a battleground of contending theories — the Freudians don't agree with the Adlerians, the psychoanalysts won't talk to the behaviorists. The same's true of all of life. Man is so confused that he speaks of peace — and then righteously makes war. We profess to care about poverty, but yet give the poor so little that they riot. We advocate religious tolerance, yet we disapprove of inter-faith marriages. Everywhere you look people are divided into rival factions, each group claiming that it is right and the others are wrong."

Graves concluded that man is either just plain perverse or there's been a colossal misconception underlying all previous theories of human personality. How else could you account for the fact that otherwise intelligent people persist in disagreeing on just about every subject?

As a starting point in his search for an answer, Graves decided to try to define a healthy human personality. He interviewed hundreds of students, many of them people beyond normal college age attending night classes. Much of the time he used the Jachistoscope, a machine that flashes programmed words onto a screen to test subjects' recognition of different concepts and ideas. What finally emerged, somewhat to Graves' surprise, were a number of

/ continued on page 72

BY NICHOLAS STEED

HOW TO PLAY THE RATING GAME

WHAT SORT OF PERSON ARE YOU — A RULES-BOUND THREE, A TEAM-PLAYING FIVE, A LOFTY SEVEN? PICK THE STATEMENT THAT GENERALLY DESCRIBES YOU BEST, THEN CHECK THE KEY AT BOTTOM OF THE PAGE FOR YOUR RATING.

A

What I want to do most in life is to just be left alone so I can learn as much as I can about what interests me. I don't mind doing a bit of teaching, but apart from that I'm not interested much in the world outside. I'm just line to my own little world. If I don't get on with my boss, well, what the hell. I just sit back and wait and sure enough sooner or later things will change for the better. I just sort of *feel* that I know what life is all about, although I can't put it into exact words. This feeling gives me a great sense of contentment. For me, it drains me to ever tell anyone else what to do, or how to run their lives. I'm happy the way I am, let them do what suits them best.

B

The thing I really want in life is to be respected and liked by other people. I'm pretty content with my home, standard of living and family. I feel pretty confident about always being able to get along, and I don't subscribe to any particular religion or viewpoint. I think the best way of getting things done is for everyone to get together and talk the thing out and then agree on a course of action. I can't stand people who want to do everything their own way; the right thing to do is to get general agreement on something. People who want to be prima donnas are a pain in the neck. It makes sense to try and be pleasant to people, and to try not to hurt their feelings.

C

I believe that God — or some other extra-human power — wants me to be what I am, and I'm content with my present job, family, house, status in the world. I realize I'm never going to be a big shot, and it doesn't particularly worry me. I prefer working within a set of rules and regulations. I tend to get upset when something disturbs my daily routine. I like a boss/husband who knows what he wants, and who can tell me exactly what he wants done, and how he wants it done. I believe in a religion, and I believe in sticking to the rules of my religion. People who say that God is dead, or that the old morality no longer applies, are just trying to make excuses for their own laxity. There is such a thing as right and wrong, and anything in between's just a lot of talk by people who are frightened of facing the truth.

D

I couldn't give a damn about God, or the boss or what's going to happen to me five years from now. I work best when I can figure a thing out for myself, and then go ahead and do it my way. I don't like people telling me what to do, or how to do things. Committee men, group thinkers, Home and School meetings, women's groups all drive me up the wall. What matters to me most is what *I* think of myself. I couldn't care less what other people think of me.

E

I believe I can pull myself up by my boot straps and make a better life for myself. I think that some people are certainly brighter and tougher than others, and it's only right that those who come out on top in life should enjoy the rewards of success. There is altogether too much coddling of people who are too lazy to work hard and help themselves. I work best when I've driven a hard bargain with those I work for — right after a new union contract, for example. When I feel it's time for a new deal with my boss, I work poorly until I get it. I tend to be a firm believer in things and then I drop them and find some thing else that appeals to me.

If statement A seems to sum you up, then you're a Seven. If statement B is the real you, then you're a Five. C is a Three, D is a Six, and E a Four.



NEW FREEDOM FOR FURS

"TAKE BACK your mink," the chorus girls of *Guys and Dolls* shrilled at their sugar-daddies back in the 1950s. They were kidding, of course. Who in her right mind would ever surrender a genuine hard-earned, slinky mink coat? Who? Why the girls of the 1960s, that's who. For today it's possible to assemble a wardrobe of gorgeous and elegant fur coats, everyone of them spectacularly different, *and none of them mink.*

The long-neglected furs — mole, Kaigan lamb, jaguar, fox, lynx, wolf, kangaroo — are copping all the attention of the designers and the best-dressed crowd. They want unusual furs.

Designer Marilyn Brooks is particularly inventive. She believes that fur should be cut as close to the body as a beautifully tailored dress — a principle she demonstrates in the three coats above. They are, from left to right: Argentine broadtail (about $350), pumpkin suede trimmed with kit fox (about $225), and unborn calf (for about $350).

Even with such creations as these making the biggest news in furs, some women, of course, are still shopping for mink. And they're finding, to their delight, that it's being done up in far more stylish ways than the old mink stole, tiny jacket, or Queen Elizabeth-type coat women of the 1950s favored. Mink can be found in stripes (using different shades of pelts), sculptured, as raincoat linings, and in mini length (see the next two pages) ▶

PRODUCED BY MARJORIE HARRIS PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN SEBERT



◀ That's a leopard from the Bowmanville (Ont.) Zoo in the photograph at the left. His name is Charles and he's not allowed out of his cage except on very special occasions — unlike the smashing jaguar coat by Sam Frankel of Toronto ($2,450). It's designed for *every* occasion.





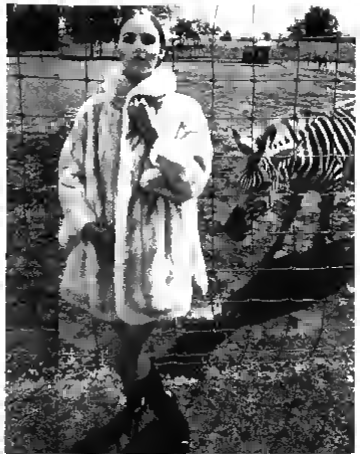
Lamb, jaguar, mini-mink: furs go military to mod

continued



▲ A fur raincoat? Yes. The super-casual red-fox coat above is a reversible raincoat by Sam Frankel, $695. This has to be the most practical and luxurious of all the new concepts in furs.

◀ The coat at left demonstrates that fur can be used for almost any really good design, provided you use the right kind of fur — in this case Kalgan lamb trimmed with leather, echoing the current fashion for the military look. It's by Sam Frankel, $375.



▲ The small, gentle animals in the foreground above are African pygmy donkeys. The Cossack-influenced beige and brown Kalgan lamb coat is a Michel Robichaud design for Jack Walkden of Montreal. It sells for $550.

◀ The mini mink at left, by Norman Rogul of Toronto, is actually a three-quarter length coat, so it's going to be just as practical when the skirts go down again as it is eye-catching right now. In pearl mink, for $2,600.

"Help me, Father, for I have sinned..."

IAN ADAMS
talks to
FATHER PIUS RIFFEL

It is Friday evening and Father Pius Riffel is an exhilarating man. Under his eyes he has these dark yellow patches that you often see under the eyes of television producers and other men who have long ago given up the idea of ever catching up on their sleep. Riffel is a Jesuit priest and also a doctor of psychology, a combination that immediately labels him as a double-barreled receptacle for the woes of his fellow men. And on this evening he has had enough of his fellow men. In one hour he will leave for Toronto airport to catch a flight to Halifax, where he is going to spend the weekend interviewing two candidates for the Jesuit order. In one sense it will be a working weekend, but in a larger sense he'll be doing what all of us want to do at the end of the week — get away from it all.

Now, as he sits in his office in the psychological services department of Toronto's St. Michael's Hospital, waiting for his deliverance, he talks. And you get the feeling the thoughts are coming from some weary centre in the back of his mind to be articulated into tired little balloons of speech that pile up around his desk and consulting couch.

Then the phone rings and Riffel is suddenly caught in the emotional mélange of a situation the complex psychological nuances of which most psychologists like to regard from a distance.

It is a young priest who has a problem he can't handle. The wife of one of his parishioners is threatening to commit suicide — tonight, now. Would Riffel see them and talk to the couple this evening?

Immediately Riffel is aware of his dilemma. How tired is he, really? There is the urgency of speaking to an obviously distraught woman. Is he refusing what than will be the mechanisms of his own guilt? And because it is a fellow priest, the request assumes the subtle weight of obligation. And a priest does not gauge his giving in the normal sense of giving that goes on between human beings. He must do more after all, he has chosen a life of spiritual generosity. But Riffel has reached the cutoff point. He realizes that to see anyone else now would be an irrevocable step toward the destruction of his own emotional health.

He gets the priest to convince the couple that he will see them but not now, on Tuesday. The married couple accept the appointment time set for them and suddenly everyone relaxes. The woman is satisfied she has made contact. This man who is more than a priest, who is also a psychotherapist, will listen to her. In her mind she has probably already begun the opening conversation. And with the hunger of the emotionally ill, she is also probably planning how she is going to get what she wants out of the therapy that will follow.

In his office Riffel replaces the telephone on its cradle. He rubs the knuckles of his left hand across his forehead. He is not one of those hearty back-slapping sure-footers who seem to dominate the Jesuit ranks. Riffel is small, almost frail, and at this moment a tired and vulnerable man. "I am not God," he says with a wry smile. "I cannot save everyone, even though that seems to think I can."

It is true. Of the many who stream through his tiny office, struggling to offer up the tormented and twisted images they have of themselves, most would like to see Riffel as God — to tell them what to believe and how to act. Although he would only do that. But Riffel resists, no longer only a mirror. And for those who come to see him he is undoubtedly the last human being to allow them a glimpse of themselves. It is Riffel they cling to desperately searching for a reflection of their own existence as they struggle to keep from being dragged over the brink of despair that is there at the periphery of all our lives.

And now, as Riffel searches for examples, putting together committees of human behavior so that he will not betray the traditional confidences of the priest, you can almost see the convoluted tangled parade of souls that has passed through this office to the past week. You can hear the fragments of sentences from the thousands of words spoken by the people who sat here in the mid-high green leather seats, uncomfortable in the swallowing sunken heat. And in the silences there is the soft tapping of the urgent next door, a banal counterpoint to the choked secrets offered up to this room.

There is the sexually preoccupied young girl, the daughter of deeply religious parents — devout in the narrow sense. Burdened with guilt. She has just finished giving all the reasons why she has tried to commit suicide and why she still thinks she should die because anyone who feels about sex the way she does shouldn't live.

How do you feel about sex? Riffel quietly asks. Hesitant stumbling. She talks him. There is a time-measuring silence. "Well, put in the human race," says Riffel. "That's the way most people feel, too."

"But you haven't listened. You don't understand," cries the girl, as she tells she refrains from the idea that she is after all acceptable. The logic is hardly ever that quick, that successful. And Riffel resigns himself to the knowledge continued on page 44

"Help me, doctor, for I am sick..."

NICHOLAS STEED
talks to
DR. MURRAY WILSON

Dr. Murray Wilson is a graduate of the University of Toronto medical school, a former instructor in psychiatry at Johns Hopkins medical school and assistant professor of psychiatry at the University of Ottawa. He is now in private practice in Toronto.

Well, as you can see, I've got a waiting room — the secretary sits at the end — and a consulting room. It looks less clinical than a general practitioner's office. There's only one door into the consulting room, although many other psychiatrists have two so patients never see each other. The advantage is, I suppose, that if someone is upset as he leaves the other patients won't see. But I feel that two doors encourage a person to believe that he is the only patient and this isn't good. I don't have a desk in my consulting room because I don't like to look at people across a desk. Yes, I've got a couch. It's better for people who are highly sensitive to every movement I make. People forget that I've been sitting in this chair for hours, and if I shift my position or scratch my ear they say, "You don't believe me!" or "Is that wrong?" As if I've made some nonverbal comment on what they've been saying. With the couch, patients are often less distraught because they don't have to look at me face to face all the time. This enables some people to speak more freely about their problems.

Why do people come to see me? Well, the commonest symptoms are depression or anxiety. Depression itself is like a fever; it can be a symptom of many different disorders and sometimes it's a malady all on its own. Depressed people lose their appetites for food, sex, life sometimes, they can't sleep. Anxiety, on the other hand, is a mixed psychological and physical thing. The person has a sensation that something is about to happen, his heart beats faster, or misses beats, or he feels a constriction in his chest.

Do people come because it's fashionable or in some way "smart" to see a psychiatrist? Good heavens, no. Psychiatrists may have been popularized by magazines and television, but we're still regarded by many people as being on the lunatic fringe of the medical profession. In many ways we're still scarcely respectable. Most patients don't want their friends to know that they're seeing a psychiatrist — it's usually a sign that they're getting pretty desperate. Occasionally I've appeared in people's dreams as a gatherer-in; this tends to show you how they think of me. On the other hand, I've also appeared in patients' dreams as a restaurateur giving a banquet — I guess that shows the other side of the picture. But on the whole, there's certainly nothing fashionable or smart about going to a psychiatrist. For the patient, it's a pretty serious — even desperate — business.

Generally, I have more women patients than men; the ratio is about two women for every man. This is partly because it's usually inconvenient for men to come during the day and partly because it's more difficult for men to admit the "weakness" that is implicit in seeing a psychiatrist — although in actual fact it takes some strength and guts to make the decision.

Then too, most of the people I see tend to be middle class. It isn't because poorer people aren't afflicted to see me with today's medical plans almost everyone can see a private psychiatrist. In fact, if a person is unemployable because of mental difficulties the government will pay entirely for treatment. The main reason my patients tend to be middle class is that there are problems of communications with uneducated people. For instance, words such as "decision" or "distrust" are not used by uneducated people. When I ask them with an uneducated person a barrier is created between us. I've got to be able to understand his symbols, both verbal and nonverbal, and the patient's got to be able to understand mine. Naturally, this is easier with someone whose background is roughly familiar, either from study or simply because it's similar to my own.

But if a person's life is too chaotic, psychotherapy isn't possible. This is more likely in the disturbed home of a working man. You see, there's a big difference between what I do in my practice and what's done with severely disturbed people such as you find in a mental hospital. My patients are out and functioning in the community; they're not so sick they have to be in a hospital.

Mostly people come to me voluntarily, although sometimes I see people who are forced to see me. They're usually adolescents under pressure from parents. They may be silent and uncooperative, in which case I might make some remark such as "Well, it seems you don't want to talk to me today. Could you tell me why?" If that doesn't work, I might say, "Well, we've got an hour to get to-gether. Can you think of anything you'd like to talk about — movies or motorcycles or whatever?" If this still doesn't work I simply say, "Fine. Good-by. I'm around if you need me."

There's no point in fighting. I silly battle with a patient. By all means let him continued on page 45

Every day in Canada, thousands of troubled people turn to professionals for help. For the affluent middle class, the psychiatrist has become father-confessor. For Canada's 10 million Catholics, the priest continues to fulfill his traditional role. But what about the troubles of these men who spend their lives listening to other people's troubles? In these two articles, a priest and a psychiatrist reveal how they explore and cope with agonizing depression, self-doubt and disappointment—their own and that of the people they try to help



Food for leisure living

Ontario

A fall festival of fruit, game and cheese

By Marjone Harris / Photo Tim Saunders

ONTARIO IS MAGNIFICENT in October—the air is crisp the trees are a mixture of wild reds and yellows, huge crowds stream out to the fall fairs, rich crops come to their peak, and it s a month for celebrating the province's magnificent cheeses

Ontario developed the Canadian cheddar in 1888 and made it world famous in 1892 by producing the largest cheese ever manufactured Named Canadian Mite, it weighed 22,000 pounds, stood six feet high and required one day s supply of milk from 10 000 cows plus two days' curd from 12 factories Today, in addition to cheddar Ontario produces more than 40 varieties of cheese

Autumn is also the hunting season—moose, deer pheasant, partridge, woodcock, duck and geese Rabbit, an Ontario favorite is considered at its best once there's a little frost on the ground There are two schools of thought on preparing game one says it s best to soak it in milk or brine to get out the gamey taste, the other argues why have game food if you want to get rid of the wild taste? To make up your own mind, read Frances MacIlquham s *Canadian Game Cookery* (McClelland and Stewart, $6) It s charmingly presented and one of the most informative books available on the subject.

Be game: try game

Rabbit and venison—delicious!

ONTARIO HAS BEEN an area of gourmet cooking for more than 100 years, as the recipe below for roast venison shows The recipe is from *The Home Cook Book of Tried Tested Prized Receipts,* compiled by "the Ladies of Toronto and Chief Cities and Towns in Canada," published in 1877

Rabbit has always been popular in rural Ontario The influx of Europeans during the past 20 years has created such demand that fresh rabbit is now available across the country at local markets and also at supermarkets in frozen form If you don't like its slightly gamey flavor, soak the rabbit overnight in a solution of three tablespoons salt dissolved in enough cold water to cover it Accompany either the venison or the rabbit with a turnip-apple casserole and for dessert serve any of Ontario's magnificent cheeses

Hassenpfeffer

2½- to 3-pound rabbit (dressed weight)
½ cup vinegar
2 cups water
2 tsp salt
¼ tsp pepper
½ tsp whole cloves
2 tsp sugar
4 bay leaves
1 medium onion, sliced
Flour
3 tbsp cooking oil
2 tsp Worcestershire sauce
2 tbsp flour

Rabbit should be cut in serving pieces as for stew Making pickling mixture by combining the vinegar, water salt pepper cloves, sugar bay leaves and onion in a pottery or enameled-ware bowl. Add pieces of rabbit and cover the bowl Let stand in refrigerator 8 to 12 hours, turning the pieces occasionally so that they will absorb the flavor evenly Remove the rabbit pieces. Save liquid and onions but discard bay leaves and cloves

Roll rabbit in flour Heat oil in a heavy pan and brown the rabbit in it Pour the pickling mixture over the rabbit Cover pan and cook over low heat about one hour or until rabbit is tender

Take rabbit from pan and keep it hot Add Worcestershire sauce to the liquid Mix the 2 tablespoons flour with a little cold water add a few tablespoons of hot liquid to it and pour the mixture back into the pan Stir and cook until the sauce is thick and smooth then cook a little longer Pour sauce over rabbit Serve with mashed potatoes (Makes 4 servings)

Scalloped Apples and Turnips

2½ cups turnips, sliced
2 cups cooking apples, sliced
½ cup brown sugar
4 tbsp butter
1 tsp salt
2 tbsp water

Cook turnips in salted water until tender but not soft Place half the cooked slices in a greased 2-quart casserole Cover with half the apples sprinkle with half the sugar, dot with half the butter, and sprinkle with half the salt

Repeat Add 2 tablespoons water Bake covered, in moderate oven (350 F) for 30 to 40 minutes or until apples are tender Remove cover to brown slightly during last few minutes of baking

Roast Venison

Wash a saddle of venison thoroughly in several waters, then rub it over with vinegar red pepper and a little salt Lard with strips of salt pork rolled in seasoned bread crumbs Season, if you like, with sweet marjoram and sweet basil, one teaspoon each also pepper then rub the whole with currant jelly, and pour over it one bottle of claret Let it stand all night Next morning cover the venison with a paste made of flour and water half an inch thick then cover with soft paper and secure well with strings Place it in the dripping pan with some claret butter and water and baste very often Half an hour before you take it out remove paste and paper baste it with butter and dredge with flour to make it brown

SAUCE Take a pound and a half of scraps of venison three pints of water a few cloves a few blades of mace half a nutmeg and salt and cayenne pepper to taste Boil it down to a pint skim off fat and strain add half a pint of currant jelly one pint of claret and one-quarter pound of butter, divided into bits and rolled in flour

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Oh, the debtor is but a shamefaced dog
With the creditor's name on his collar;
While I am king and you are queen
For we owe no man a dollar!
— Charles P. Shiras (1824-1854)

ALL ANGUS KEMP WANTED to do was get a color TV set before the new fall shows came on. The trouble was that Kemp — we'll call him that because it's not his real name — already owed 28 creditors $7,700. And when a finance company repossessed his black and white set it looked as though he wouldn't be viewing the premieres at all. Kemp was down, but he wasn't out. He went to another finance company, borrowed $1,200 and bought a big-screen color set, and before they came and carted it away from him he had caught all the new shows.

Kemp's other creditors kept begging him for their money. He explained that he didn't have any money. He was 26 years old, separated from his wife, and was working as sales manager of a small Toronto firm. He couldn't live on his income of about $150 a week in the style to which his overspending had cradle him accustomed. He had expensive tastes. For instance, he had a mobile telephone service hooked up in his car, and from the size of his phone bill you'd think he had a teenage daughter with a boyfriend in Tanzania. He liked to rent cars, too, and Budget and Tilden Rent-A-Car systems were among the creditors. So was Toronto Airways Ltd. — Kemp liked to fly, and he owed $250 for lessons. He owed $400 to Eaton's, $60 to a Toronto pet shop, $2,000 to an assortment of finance companies. He had run up $200 on his Shell credit card. In addition, he owed as he put it "a couple bucks here, a couple bucks there."

Angus Kemp's story has a happy ending — for him, at least. He went into personal bankruptcy and forgot all about the $7,700. It only cost him $375 — he was able to find a Toronto trustee in bankruptcy who charges somewhat less than his competitors and gets a volume business — and he didn't lose his job. Nor did he necessarily forfeit his ability to obtain credit in the future.

Finance companies are usually quite happy when someone has just gone bankrupt, says Kemp's bankruptcy trustee (who, like most money men, creditors and debtors interviewed for this article, insisted on a guarantee of anonymity). "It indicates that he has no financial obligations and is capable of taking some on. A finance company that has got stung on a bankruptcy will often lend money to the same bankrupt."

However, a survey of several sales finance and consumer loan companies suggests that personal bankruptcy is rather an obstacle (though surmountable) to renewed credit. "We take each case by itself," says an executive of a large finance company. "We don't usually extend credit to a bankrupt until he re-establishes himself to our satisfaction. This may involve his obtaining credit elsewhere. Many bankrupts can get credit at department stores." A spokesman for the Robert Simpson Co. Ltd. says that a recent bankrupt would "find it very difficult to obtain credit here — at least for two or three years." But, insists a director of a consumer loan company, "A bankrupt can usually get his foot in the door somewhere and start all over again."

Few of the 1,735 Canadians who went into personal bankruptcy last year — almost double the number who did so in 1956 — had such a happy time as Angus Kemp. But his attitude, a sort of insouciance, is increasingly typical of the 10 percent of Canadian families who, according to the Consumer's Association of Canada, are dangerously in debt. A recent poll of 3,000 representative U.S. families faced a great pollster Louis Harris "credit has only begun to be tapped." The average Canadian's consumer debt is already the equivalent of 60 days of disposable income (i.e. after direct taxes). More than half of all Canadians under 35 face consumer debts that exceed their liquid assets. Collectively, we are now in hock for seven billion dollars and we are to more than the cricket in the schoolbook poem who fiddles while the sun shines then asks a provident ant for a loan. Says the ant smugly: "We ants never borrow; we ants never lend."

The ant is an anachronism in a society geared to credit. So is the shamefaced / *continued on page 76*

DOES IT PAY TO GO BANKRUPT?

Can't pay your bills? Relax. You can still live extravagantly, though broke, by the simple expedient of going bankrupt. It's becoming an increasingly acceptable escape in an affluent society that's turned overspending into a way of life

BY JON RUDDY



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THE SALMON ARE BACK IN THE GREAT LAKES!

Back? That's right: they once abounded there—then vanished. Now the transplanted Kokanee—a mini-salmon back home in the west—may rival its big sea-going brothers and open a new era for Great Lakes anglers BY ERIC HUTTON

LAST AUTUMN an Indian fisherman netting in South Bay off Manitoulin Island, Ont., hauled in a fish the like of which he had never seen before. Its back was camel-humped. Its upper jaw truculently hooked. Its color was a gaudy red.

Members of the staff of the nearby fisheries station of the Ontario Lands and Forests Department who did recognize the fish were almost equally mystified.

They knew the fish must have hatched from one of the many eggs the department had planted in Manitou River not quite two years before — eggs from parent fish which did not mature until they were four years old, at which age they assumed the hump, the beak and the bright red color. In the second place, the parent fish seldom reached a length of 12 inches and a weight of one pound, but this two-year-old specimen, measured and weighed on the accurate equipment of the research station, stretched just over 15 inches and hefted well over a pound.

In the days and weeks that followed, reports of the strange new red fish trickled into the fish research station. John Dobell, a Lands and Forest conservation officer assigned to seek out red fish for examination at the station, took 18 in the Manitou River. Eight other anglers in the area turned over a total catch of 42. Others were hooked or seen at a dozen places in the great crescent of Georgian Bay from Tobermory to Byng Inlet. A few were reported in Lake Ontario's Bay of Quinte and in Sheiler Valley Creek and Wilmot Creek, less than 100 miles down lake from Toronto. Finally, when by late fall the number of red fish sighted in one stream, the Manitou River, added up to 400, the government fish researchers could say, albeit with fingers crossed:

"Salmon are back in the Great Lakes."

Back in the Great Lakes?

It is understandable that few people know that salmon, the lordly *Salmo Salar* of the Atlantic, once abounded in Lake Ontario. Dr. Henry Scadding, the churchman and historian who lived into this century, recalled in his book *Toronto of Old* spearing large salmon in the mid-1800s in the Don River (which has since become literally a Toronto sewer).

The seller of a farm farther up the Don could advertise that he guaranteed "a sufficient catch of salmon to feed all the hired hands." (In fact, salmon surfeited farm workers began making it a condition of employment that they be required to eat salmon not more than four days a week.)

Then, almost suddenly, there were no more salmon in the lake. Men had sentenced them to extinction by / *continued on page 83*





Dave Webster

Eighteen-month old Helayne Shekter with mother Sonya (right) was born by psychoprophylaxia. Husband Dr Jack Shekter of Hamilton who assisted his wife at delivery, says "It opened my eyes to what all women are capable of"

THERE'S A NEW WAY TO HAVE A BABY?

There is, but few Canadians have heard of it. Called psychoprophylaxia, it's positive thinking applied to childbirth, and it's enabling some Canadian women — and their husbands — to take charge during delivery

BY ALAN EDMONDS

THERE ARE TWO remarkable things about psychoprophylaxia, the newest childbirth-made easier method for modern mothers. The first is that its very existence as a new and therefore controversial way of having babies proves that childbirth — or women or both — hasn't properly emerged from the dark ages. The second is that it should still be largely unknown in the U.S. and Canada — though increasing number of Canadian doctors and hospitals are using it.

A fair slice of the population explosion has been born via the psychoprophylactic method (or PPM for short) since Russian psychologists — not obstetricians — devised it in 1947 as a beneficial extension of Pavlovian brainwashing techniques. Now it is widely used throughout Europe and parts of Asia. All French women, for example, must by law be given a chance to practise *La Méthode*; indeed it was the French who imported PPM from Russia to the Western world. Major British teaching hospitals have been using it for five years, and their doctor and nurse graduates emigrating to Canada have formed a psychoprophylaxia underground in Canadian medicine. The Pope has pronounced it suitable for Roman Catholics. And in China the New Childbirth is so widespread that having a baby might almost be a thought of Chairman Mao.

Oddly, that's just about what psychoprophylaxia amounts to: a thought-an attitude of mind: the Power of Positive Thinking applied to the business of having babies. PPM isn't significantly different in essentials from myriad other so-called natural childbirth methods — that is, those without or with a minimum of sedative and anesthetic. The classic "natural" method is that devised by Dr. Grantley Dick-Read, an English physician who stirred a violent controversy in the late 1930s by saying childbirth was a natural function and wouldn't hurt so much if the woman relaxed and stopped being frightened. */ Continued on page 64*



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As man's impatient progress pushes out the boundaries of civilisation, it becomes immensely important that the grandeur of Canada's wilderness be protected and maintained for your children and generations as yet unborn. The National Parks Service, working on your behalf, has established 19 parks across Canada where Canadians today and in the future can enjoy and wonder at the natural scenic beauty of this great country. For further information write to the National Parks Service, Ottawa.

Let's keep the beauty that came with the country

NATIONAL PARKS SERVICE, OTTAWA

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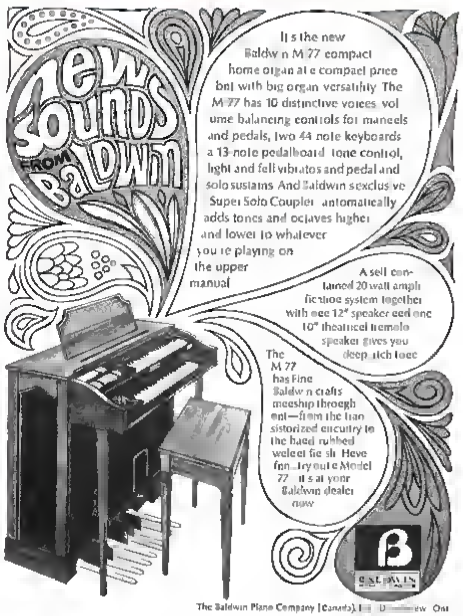
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WHAT'S HAPPENING IN

MEDICINE

BY EARL DAMUDE

Instant heart checkups for everybody?

ONE DAY YOU MAY be able to get an electrocardiogram done of your heart in a mobile unit in your own neighborhood just as you can now get your chest X-rayed for tuberculosis. The electrocardiograph cannot always predict heart attacks, but it is a useful tool in spotting faulty heart action or rhythms that might strike. Your doctor suspect trouble.

Until now it has not been possible to do mass screening for faulty hearts because the present machine requires an expert usually a nurse to attach a number of electrodes to your chest. It takes time and skill in knowing where the electrodes must go to get the best graph of your beating heart. But now medical researchers in the U.S. Navy have come up with a simplified electrocardiograph that does not require electrodes and is so simple anyone can operate it. The equipment can be carried in an attaché case. All you have to do is take off your shoes, place your feet on the device and hold two contacts in your hand. An attendant turns on the machine and it starts to record a squiggly line on a strip of paper just as the present machines does. When a doctor reads this strip of paper he can tell whether your heart is beating strongly, whether your heart valves are working and if the electrical impulses that drive the heart are firing at the right time.

Fluoride: bonus for bones

Diehards still fighting the addition of fluoride to drinking water may yet have to praise the chemical rather than damn it.

Studies done at several research institutes in the U.S. indicate that fluoride not only helps keep teeth intact but also prevents bone degeneration (osteoporosis), a disease common among old people.

These findings could be very important, since an estimated 300,000 to 400,000 elderly Canadians (mostly women) sustain fractures of the hip and spine each year because of degeneration of their bones. So often we hear of an elderly woman falling and breaking her hip. What really happens is that the woman's hip bone gets so fragile that it breaks and *then* she falls. The fall is the *result* of the break, not the cause.

Professor D. Mark Hegsted of the Harvard School of Public Health surveyed two groups of women living in North Dakota. One group lived in an area where there was a high fluoride content in the drinking water and the other group got little or no fluoride. Dr. Hegsted found that the women drinking fluoridated water had much stronger, denser bones and the older women among them had a much lower incidence of hip and spine fractures.

Another researcher, Dr. Stanley M. Garn of the Fels Research Institute, Philadelphia, has shot down another favorite theory about prevention of bone degeneration. Doctors have always thought that if you get enough calcium in your diet your bones would more successfully withstand the process of thinning and brittleness which starts at about age 40. He did five surveys of populations with varying calcium intake and could find no relation between calcium intake and bone density. In fact heavy intake of calcium can be harmful. Calcium tends to build up in body tissues. One of its favorite build-up spots is in the muscles and valves of the heart. Heavy intake of calcium might be helpful to teenagers because their bones are being formed but it has no bearing on increasing bone density in adults, says Dr. Garn.

Unlike calcium, fluoride does increase bone density even in adults, according to Dr. Hegsted. His findings have been confirmed by Dr. Aaron S. Poseer of Cornell University Medical Center. He has found that fluoride confers greater resistance against bone degeneration.

"Morphine" without addiction

It won't be long before your doctor will be able to give you a pain killer as powerful as morphine but without morphine's addictive qualities. The new analgesic is called pentazocine and it has already been tested on 12,000 people with severe pain of all types. Both the U.S. and Canadian governments are reported to be ready to give this new pain killer clearance for marketing.

No matter how long you have to take the new drug to kill pain you cannot become addicted to it, the researchers claim. Nor do patients develop a tolerance for the drug, making it necessary for doctors to keep increasing the dosage as they do with morphine.

Doctors will probably welcome the new pain-killer not only because of its nonaddictive properties but because they won't need to worry about addicts trying to steal it from their cars and offices. Pentazocine acts as a morphine "antagonist" and if the addict takes it he gets the same withdrawal symptoms he gets when he is cut off morphine or heroin suddenly.

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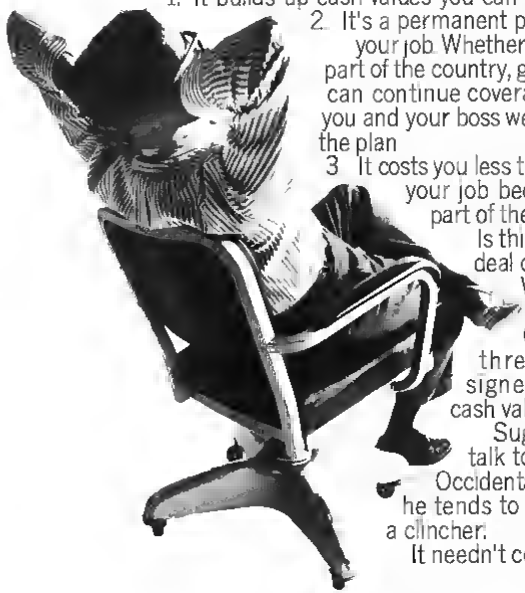
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Suddenly they see themselves naked. It is a moment of fear

that the girl is going to be coming to see him for a long time.

There is the middle-aged priest who wants Rifkel to help him wrestle with his hatred for God. And Rifkel only wonders how the priest got a man who has spent so many years in the priesthood to stop conceiving of God as some fearful external authority? The man is not a fool. There are only superficial walls of emotion that stop him from seeing the love and hate that is within himself.

After the priest there is the one who still suddenly realizes where she is and what she is doing. Now she wants to sheepishly get out, start a new life. But at the same time she is paralyzed with the fear of making such a decision. And her fear is seeping so deeply into her conscious life that she cannot even decide about such trivia as what side of the corridor to walk on.

And Rifkel what help can you give the senile old man who pleads, "Father, I am telling from a state of grace. I did not say my prayers last night." Not much.

There are the wives and husbands demanding that he have the imagination to share their innermost emotions, and then lashing out at him for being a cowardly lot for having opted out.

And there are the women, overwhelmed by having found someone who *really* listens gladly offering him their love, offering the affair. And Rifkel gently bringing them back to the reality of the situation.

But the atmosphere in Rifkel's room is rarely affectionate. Most of the time it is heavy with the hostility and anger that the men and women turn on him unleash him, piling on him all the resentment they're not daring to put out there in the world. And behind the barrage of aggression Rifkel is quietly trying to work out the own feelings of anger which are at times provoked.

As they unburden themselves, shedding the layers of self-justification they have protectively wrapped around their emotions, there inevitably comes the point at which the person suddenly sees himself naked, sees his actions for what they really are. It is sometimes just as frightening for Rifkel as it is for the one who stands naked. As it was last week when the deserted woman with three children realized and said that she hated her children and what she really wanted to do was kill them and herself. For a few minutes the room was full of electricity and polarized emotion.

"There is nothing you can do when that happens," says Rifkel. "You only pray that you won't read about it in the newspaper the next day. And you hope that you have given her enough that she will come back."

The interview is over. Rifkel is packing a briefcase. Outside it is almost dark. As we leave the building he says: "We are still only playing. The techniques we use now fall like so long and the results are debatable. And there are all those people out there the unhappy ones the ones we never even get to see or ..." And he leaves the sentence hanging there to disappear into the night and the too short respite that awaits him ★

PARADE

Grass-roots giving

When a church in Willowdale, Ont., lost its caretaker, the premises were soon a littered mess both inside and out. Not only was the lawn allowed to go unshorn, but so were the dandelions. The white fluff began to drift across to the immaculate lawn of a parishioner who lived next door, who began to froth with frustration at the idea of his own property being seeded by the church's dandelions. Next Sunday his envelope went in the collection plate as usual, but inside was only a note which read: "The money that would have gone to the church has been used for weed killer."

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Patients must depend on me—yet learn to be independent

wife. Maybe the next time he sees a psychiatrist he'll be less defensive.

But sometimes at the other extreme, people are really desperate for help. They tell me so much about themselves at the first interview that I can't refuse to take them into treatment. To tell such people that I'm too busy to see them that I've got too many patients already, would be a gross betrayal after they've poured out all their terrible secrets. If I don't have any free time, I just try to avoid initial interviews with people who sound very disturbed.

But if I do agree to see a person then I have to make some decisions in the first couple of interviews. The person may require hospitalization — but this is rare in my practice. Often a person may just have some specific conscious problem that he wants to work on. An example of this could be a man who has decided to end a bad marriage, or a girl in her late 20s who's finally got up enough courage to leave her parents and start a life of her own. All these people may need is sympathy, a neutral sounding board while they work out their problems themselves. In such cases I try to keep out of the patient's way as much as possible—I stop interpreting things to him, try to create the impression that I'm not working hard. If I talk too much the patient might feel he must start fighting me, too.

Often just being there at the appointed time is itself important. Patients come to rely on their hour with me. They'll come in and say "Whew. You're here." By just being there I'm fulfilling a promise to them and that's important. Up to now they may have been badly let down by people who made promises to them. This dependence by the patient on the psychiatrist is necessary for psychotherapy — but it's frightening in a way too. It means the patient is once again vulnerable to grievous hurt at the hands of a significant person in his or her life.

Because of this some people are quite rightly wary of psychiatrists and psychiatric hospitals. Also, many people think seeing a psychiatrist involves being encouraged to do and say anything you want. The prospective patient senses in this an invitation to regress — to get worse — and so he rightly resists the temptation by staying away. All such people really need is to learn to control themselves. If they can without tackling the root cause of their neuroses all the better.

This idea of finding The Problem, the underlying cause of disturbance originated with Freud and Breuer in the late 19th century. They found that symptoms disappeared once the unconscious problem was uncovered. But by the turn of the century Freud discovered that this wasn't the whole answer, although sleuthing around in the unconscious remained the preoccupation of psychiatrists for a long while. It still does for some. Of course when people tell you what's bothering them it's often something trivial such as a minor physical deformity or a tendency to blush. These symptoms *do* have an unconscious meaning. But the really important thing is why they should continue to bother the person when consciously he knows it to be ridiculous.

Today the shift in treatment emphasis is away from getting at the content of the unconscious and toward getting people to control their problems and urges so they can live with them. Antisocial urges are always with us. It is what we do with them that becomes the focus. Sometimes therapy could take place without delving into the problem at all. For instance, I might just talk with a patient on some neutral subject, some common interest such as sports cars or bird watching. But it'd be unlikely you could sustain this for a year or more the patient is primarily interested in himself, and so he becomes the topic of conversation.

Possibly the trickiest problem of all is dependence. Patients inevitably come to depend on me, and much of my work is taken up with trying to get them to stand on their own two feet again. Dependence shows itself in many ways: patients in long-term therapy tell me the most appalling things about themselves but they can't



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point out that I pick my fingers, a trait that may have annoyed them for months. The patient is afraid of alienating me of losing the one person in the world who is helping him. When the patient finally begins to be able to embrace me it's usually a sign that he's getting better. For instance, a patient could walk in one day and say, "That's an awful picture you've got on your wall — and I'll bet he is getting stronger psychologically, able to stand on his own feet."

Much of my work is helping people feel secure without being obnoxious. But with some people the mental damage is so great that they'll never be independent. If you recognize this, it's wise to avoid an intense emotional attachment that might cripple them even more. But something more casual, monthly visits for example, could be of real help in such a person over the years.

As for the psychiatrist himself, inevitably he becomes emotionally committed to the patient, but at the same time he's got to try to remain detached. You see, if it becomes too obvious that you really want a patient to get better, you may make it more difficult for him to improve. This is because he becomes aware of this desire on your part and in a deeply hostile way he can't permit you this pleasure.

Another trap the psychiatrist must strive to avoid is the mistake of being one up. The psychiatrist is in the perfect position to be the one-up man and it's an easy habit to acquire. For instance, a patient may casually mention something about sculpture. This happens to be a hobby of mine and I might instinctively correct him if he got the name of a sculptor wrong. This is the sort of thing one does without thinking. You kick yourself afterward, but it's difficult to avoid.

The sort of office psychiatry that I'm talking about is to a large extent intuitive. You don't have to be bright to be a psychiatrist, but you've got to be intuitive and you've got to be reliable and have self-discipline. Naturally some days I do better than on others. Some days I hear well what's being said, other days I hear almost nothing. It's a bad idea if I have a hangover, but occasionally I find I'm working well with a patient even though I've got one. It's difficult to predict how you're going to do. I did my best work with schizophrenics as a young resident. I was intrigued with them then. Now I don't think I'd have the patience.

Does therapy do any good? Most studies show one third of people treated improve, one third remain the same, and one third get worse. It's been suggested that just being on the waiting list of a clinic gives the same results as actual treatment. One shouldn't think though that no treatment has actually been given. The patient on the waiting list may have been sustained over a crucial episode by hope which may have been all the clinic could have given him anyway, along with a few pills. I think therapy does help, perhaps even in the proportions I mentioned — a third, a third and a third. It's hard to assess. If a person's objectives are infantile, such as to be brilliant and beloved, then therapy won't help. Sometimes I haven't got the slightest idea of what actually has taken place in a patient who conspicuously improves. I just don't know.

Are psychiatrists normal? As a psychiatric meeting they look surprisingly normal — they could almost be any not particularly boisterous white-collar group. But the rate of suicide is higher among psychiatrists than among other medical men, and it's higher among doctors than in the general population. My impression is that these suicides occur among younger psychiatrists. Perhaps they failed to find the answers to their own personal problems. Sometimes myself when my own life was restricted when I was studying, all the time, or not getting out socially much, I found myself living vicariously through my patients. I even envied them the messes they got themselves in! This of course is wrong — you have to develop your own life to make it as full as possible.

What's it like socially to be a psychiatrist? Will people peek a lot? They assume you've set yourself up as an oracle on behavior and when you behave foolishly they note it. When I'm with strangers I often say I'm a physician or a teacher and then try to dodge further questions. It can make life a lot simpler because when people start analyzing me it's rarely for my own good. And over cocktails I might start analyzing them which wouldn't be good for them either. ★

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ing sure of the precise way to address a letter to Expo simply stuck on his envelope a clipped-out copy of the Expo symbol — no lettering just all those little matchstick figures standing in a circle. And the way we heard about it was from an alert *Parade* spy in New York City who spotted the story in the New York *Daily News*.

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REQUIEM FOR A CRAZY PARADISE ISLAND

It gloried in kooks, characters, rat-race refugees — and in its cherished isolation from Toronto (and the world) across the bay. It had everything . . . but a future

BY ELIZABETH GRAHAM

IT WAS BRIAN HOGAN, an enterprising young executive with the Toronto *Telegram* who invented The Ultimate Weapon to save Toronto Island from the greedy maw of the Metropolitan Toronto Parks Department. At about the time when some of us had begun to suspect there was no longer any hope of preventing the parks commission turning the residents out, tearing down their houses and making the island into Total Park, a bridge party was held to help pay for the mural an artist had painted on the verandah wall. Someone faced the front cup with rum and before anyone had had time to make a rubber, Hogan, an otherwise benign man, produced the concept of The Ultimate Weapon.

We should, he said, declare independence and secede. At the first sign of Canada invading our new nation of Islandia, we would stop the pumps at the island filtration plant which provides downtown Toronto with its water supply. That might not make anyone go thirsty, but it would destroy the business district because the Bay Street boys and the brokers and insurance brokers and lawyers would be unable to flush their toilets. As Hogan put it, Canada would never dare invade Islandia at the risk of leaving Bay Street to stew in its own juices.

At this distance in time it doesn't sound such a remarkable idea, or even a very original one, after all. Quebec has been threatening something similar since the Plains of Abraham. But its impact on that sedate bridge party seemed at the time to be a miniature of the passion islanders feel for their island. Before the fruit cup was polished off we'd abandoned bridges to plan the rebellion. We decided we had a ready made navy (the yacht clubs) and an air force (the Island Airport flying school). We'd seize the ferries, nationalize the garbage truck and demand the immediate support of Washington if they wanted to prevent us falling into the Russian camp as a convenient missile base. Hogan we decided, would be sent to the United Nations.

Islanders have displayed this vaulting enthusiasm often during the long 10 year fight to preserve Toronto Island as a place to live as well as a park. The island is in fact a half dozen islands, closely linked and strung out in a crescent to provide Toronto with a lagoon- / *continued on page 51*



We built the new Volvo 144 for the guy who's going to own it after you.

There are two ways to build a car.

First, you can make it for the first owner, who usually only keeps his car two or three years.

Second, you can make it for the second owner, the poor devil who makes a life's work of inheriting other people's problems.

When we built the Volvo 144, we set out to please the second owners, figuring that if we succeeded, we'd automatically satisfy the people who buy them new.

Apparently we succeeded.

As Road & Track Magazine says: "Volvo makes everything just a little stronger than is absolutely required, uses better materials than are absolutely required, and spends more time testing the components to their limits than is absolutely required. The result is a car that is solid, practical, efficient and long-lived—everything transportation really *ought* to be..."

And as the London Daily Telegraph says: "It is the sort of car whose owner would feel a traitor if he even thought of trading it in before it was 10 years old."

Which brings up a problem we never even considered.

We built the 144 with the second owner in mind.

But it may be an awfully long time before he gets a chance to find out.

VOLVO



What? You Missed The *Orgy?

Never mind. If you didn't catch it at the movies, tune it in on TV.

To help you keep tab on the old flicks, and everything else on your screen, The Telegram publishes a colorful, pocket-size guide for all southern Ontario channel chasers

It's called TV Weekly.
It's exclusive. And free.
Every Friday.

THE TELEGRAM

the newspaper that serves you best

*From Manslaughter (1922) the Fall of Rome

It may be treason, friends, but—alas!—the battle's lost

like sheltered anchorage up to half a mile wide on Lake Ontario. It has always been mostly park — in its heyday only a third of the 600 or so acres was occupied by houses, hotels and other buildings — but in the mid-1950s the Metropolitan Toronto Council revoked leases and began demolitions designed to make the island all parkland. In fighting this, islanders have earned the distinction of probably being the noisiest and most conspicuous pressure group in Canadian civic history.

At all levels, government control and influence is growing, and the individual's power of self-determination is diminishing. But it is in civic affairs that you most often find the little man or woman quietly battling to withstand the apparently irresistible vehicle of local Authority which, bylaw by bylaw, is voting itself powers to wield on behalf of the community at the expense of the individual. It is a situation as bad (and perhaps worse) in Metropolitan Toronto as it is anywhere, in the Borough of Etobicoke, for instance, the local council even tells residents how much water they should have in their baths — and how hot it should be as well!

It probably won't happen, but the islanders deserve to be remembered as martyrs to the lost cause of individual freedom. They're so well organized that in the last city elections islanders issued a list of approved candidates—those sympathetic to the Cause, that is — which some claim had a measurable effect on the results.

But now it's all over. To my former island neighbors this must smack of treason — but the conclusion is inescapable that unlikely villain the Metropolitan Toronto Parks Commission, has won. By demolishing a few homes a year over a 14-year period, the commission has fragmented the opposition and now, when the remaining islanders are ready to fight, there are barely 200 homes left. The juggernaut of expropriation couldn't now be stopped even if politicians wanted to stop it. By 1971, the island that always was mostly parkland will have become Total Park, officially dedicated in accordance with the best egalitarian principles to city dwellers who in theory cannot escape the city to the limitless space that surrounds it.

By 1971 the house my family and I occupied for two years will be replaced by the cash office of a miniature golf course. Brian and Margaret Hogan's old home will have been razed to make way for the 17th hole. And there'll be an effluence of orange peel and Dixie cups and screwed-up greaseproof paper that once held someone's picnic salami strewn all over the grass where Harold and Alice Aitken nursed a flower garden for 22 years. There'll be a fun fair and pony rides and camp sites and almost inevitably the sort of awesome vulgarity that such projects seem to spawn, along with about as much nerve-shattering noise as there is back in the city the people were trying to escape.

By then people will already have begun to forget that the island ever was a self-contained village within a city, a sort of oddballs' enclave and artists' haven, where at one time up to around 5,000 people lived year round and commuted to work by ferry.

MACLEAN'S



"What's a grand-slam homer, dear?"

You know how you always imagined Spain to be:



That's the way it really is.

You know what Spain is like.

You instantly recognize the village square of a Goya painting. The light is as sun washed as you had always imagined. The people are as proud, the music as thrilling, the castles as magnificent and the bullfights as spectacular as all the books, paintings and films had led you to hope.

Yet the prices in Spain are surprisingly low. In Madrid you can spend a full week enjoying the bullfights, jai alai matches and flamenco cabarets and your bill at a fine hotel is less than $50.

Or stay at a 10th Century Spanish Castle with modern comforts. Cost? Under $6 a day.

Come to Spain on Iberia Air Lines. The food is excellent, the service superb — only the plane gets more attention than you when you fly with the Air Lines of Spain, Iberia.



© 1967 Spanish National Tourist Office. 13 Queen Street East, Toronto 1, Canada.

A Black Mass in the living room—then the Devil to pay

ry in summer and ice breaker tug in winter. And so in a sense this is a requiem for the island before it's dead and gone a nostalgia before the fact rather than after. I hope it will explain to all those bewildered suburbanites who never quite understood what the devil the fuss was all about just why we islanders fought so hard and so noisily.

It isn't easy to understand why Toronto Island should inspire so much passion it is after all a not very lovely geological freak. But for anyone who ever lived there — and many who spent their lifetimes there—it was a refuge because, somehow, they were all fugitives. Some of our neighbors were running away from husbands or wives. Others were running away from the North American Way of Life. There were fugitives from the city and from high rents (island rents were never high) and from the traffic and from themselves. And there were always those who lived on the island because they believed this set them above or beyond or apart from the common herd in suburbia. Island houses were of wood, not brick, and there were no cars, and at weekends no one needed to shave or dress up because the city and the status-heavy rat race was a long way off. The sheltered strip of harbor water, which varies from half a mile to 100 yards wide, effectively insulates the island from the rest of Canada.

Indeed, the fugitive instinct sometimes drove islanders to absurd lengths. There were always a few planning to go even farther — usually by boat to a tropic isle — and to these one of our neighbors was a hero. By the time we arrived he had already spent seven years building, in his backyard, an ocean-going steel-hulled boat which everyone called Frank's Folly and which he explained he'd built because he wanted to be independent of the rest of us. He never did sail off into his symbolic sunset when last we heard he was living in a suburban split level and talking about building a plane in his two-car garage.

Boats, however, were an inextricable part of island life. A good half of the islanders were boat-crazy and spent two thirds of the year living in their somewhat less than luxurious island cottages so they could spend all summer messing around with the two-to-ten thousand-dollar boats they'd rather own instead of expensive city homes. It's an obsession that could get out of hand: one islander built three boats in 10 years and the fourth—a 50-foot sloop that would cost around $20 000 if bought from a shipyard — is still unfinished four years after he began it. His wife helped him build it — and earned the enmity of the rest of us who wearied of husbands loudly praising her virtues as a helpmate and pal. My husband, usually a determined bargain hunter, bought a power boat which he sold two years later at an overall loss of twice its original cost.

For us island life began alarmingly. We were greeted by a very sexy redheaded neighbor who said she was a divorcee and asked whether we'd found any relics of the Black Mass held in our house just before we arrived. Then when we tried to find out just what had happened those who knew either pretended ignorance or refused to talk. Piece by piece, however, we gathered that a crowd of beatniks had held their version of a Black Mass in our living room. When they reached the point at which the Lord's Prayer is recited backward one man collapsed. He recovered quickly but was a changed man. He wore what is reported to have been a demoniac expression, along with an aura of evil." His friends took the affair seriously enough to call in a prominent island churchman, who arranged for a service of exorcism. The man who was thought to have made a pact with the Devil left mid way through the service and apparently has been neither seen nor heard from since. Another of the people involved, a seemingly reasonable man, claims to have been plagued by misfortune and "the Devil's own luck" ever since.

We tackled a local minister on the subject. His refusal to discuss the incident implied the story we'd pieced together was largely accurate. He did, however, guarantee that no such party had been held in our house. Even so, when I acquired a black cat, island children began saying I was a witch.

I suppose that could have happened in suburbia, but somehow it doesn't seem likely. And yet, the island was as much a city dormitory as any suburban Paradise Acres. The difference was that it was an oddly mixed community. Suburbia tends to sort people out into income groups, then separate them so that sociologists are fond of saying that the present system of housing developments are a dangerous purgatory of uniformity.

That was the one thing the island never could be. Our neighbors included a police sergeant who didn't seem to like people much, a stockbroker who liked playing street hockey with the kids, an accountant who thought he was God's gift to women, a dentist who left to go and work among the Eskimos, a cab driver, a photographer, a woman doctor who was said to be brilliant but preferred housework, and a woman barber whose husband had left her for a woman with four children. The sergeant and the stockbroker were native-born Canadians and the cab driver and the photographer were eminently sane and unremarkable.

But they were the exceptions. Otherwise every one emerged as slightly kooky. Island life tended to be socially incestuous (the last ferry at 11:30 p.m. made it difficult to have friends in the city), so we all knew one another's affairs very well, but even so I'm left with the conviction that everyone was somewhat eccentric.

A silent, quite likeable man — a German — spent weekends paddling around the harbor in a canvas kayak and sported an evil-looking furrow on his left cheek which everyone believed to be a dueling scar. I found out the scar was a souvenir of a car crash, but islanders enjoyed the other story too much to disillusion them.

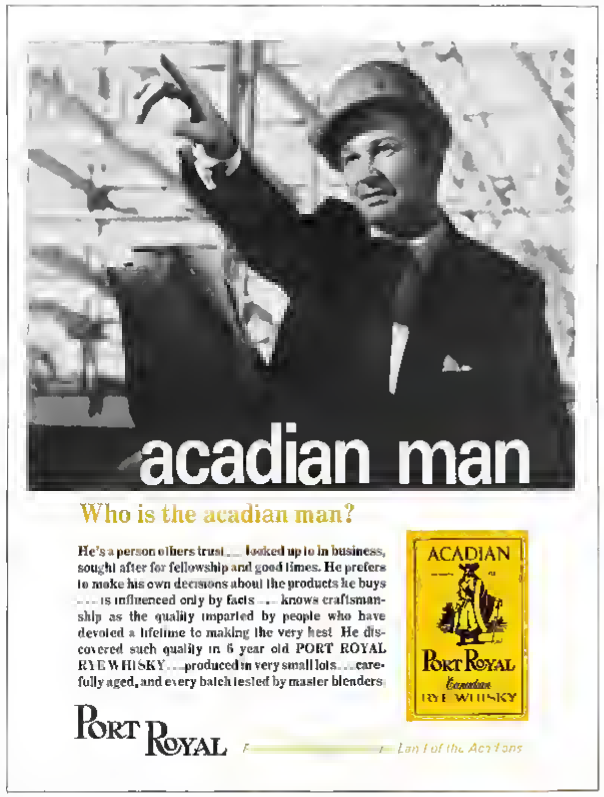
The accountant was a professional Englishman, the sort of man who wore a pin-striped suit, vest, bowler and carried an umbrella at all times, even midsummer. Soon after we arrived he left, sent with his second wife and asked her to leave. She didn't do so. To drive her out he moved out of their house and camped on the front lawn, sleeping in a Scouts' tent and cooking on a primus stove. One night, losing patience, he chopped off the steps leading to both front and back doors. His wife left next morning. His landlord threw him out, and so he went to live in a decrepit houseboat. It looked rather odd to see a Savile Row suit, well-brushed bowler and furled umbrella emerging from a leaky, paint-flaked barge each morning in time to catch the 8:30 a.m. boat to the city. But then the houseboat sank, and he moved in with a woman whose husband had been temporarily posted to England by his firm. All three of them left the island the night the husband returned home unexpectedly to surprise his wife and family.

Perhaps because we knew so much about each other's affairs we cared about one another. No one bothered the young couple who chopped up all the furniture in their rented house for furnace fuel — but they did bother to offer help when the girl fell ill and couldn't care for the baby. A man who fell ill while his wife and daughter were away was never alone because the women on his street drew up a nursing roster. And when the island dogs were threatened — there seemed to be more dogs than people, and all of them ran free in violation of parks department regulations — the entire community stood together. The alarm was given the moment the dog-catcher's van arrived aboard the vehicle ferry. Within 10 minutes every dog owner had been called by phone and warned. By the time the van reached the inhabited part of the island, there was scarcely a dog to be seen. Once the dog catcher did trap a dog but a crowd of island children hurled abuse and stones until he freed it. Then retired to the city in despair.

Even at the time, island summers seemed longer, more idyllic. Instead of a streetcar or subway, you took the ferry home. At the end of the ride was a world without traffic roads, scurrying crowds, smog. It was so different. It demanded you be different. You'd change into sloppy clothes, pop out for a spin in a sail boat, wander among your neighbors, clinching a beer, maybe even try to catch a fish. The children would run wild and build their forts in the bushes and launch missiles from the top of a weeping willow, and we mothers would sit in the garden and read. Being house-proud was pointless because the children would promptly track in the sand and mud, and there wasn't much to worry about because there was nowhere for the children to get lost and no traffic to mow them down. And then it was evening, and you could sit on beach or yacht-club balcony and watch the harbor burn to the glow of sunset and the city twinkle in the distance.

But somehow winters were more fun. The ice-breaker ferry provided a warm cocoon for commuters, who drew closer together and came to know one another the better because of the perverse kinship in being islanders and riding a ferry without the jarring presence of city people off for a day's outing. Besides, sometimes the boat would get stuck in the ice, and there's nothing like being trapped in a cabin for two hours to help you know your companions.

Groceries, milk, bread and beer were delivered regularly. The mailman, a cherubic fellow who somehow played Pied Piper to the island dogs, remained mysterious until the day when complaining bitterly he also delivered the bread because Harry the breadman was ill. Harry is a thin sparrow of a man unfailingly cheerful who used to complain at Christmas that so many customers were also friends that his Christmas Eve delivery would turn him into an alcoholic. Percy the milkman is burly and brusque and it wasn't until we'd consumed a few hundred gallons of his milk that he mellowed sufficiently to



Who is the acadian man?

He's a person others trust... looked up to in business, sought after for fellowship and good times. He prefers to make his own decisions about the products he buys ... is influenced only by facts ... knows craftsmanship as the quality imparted by people who have devoted a lifetime to making the very best. He discovered such quality in 6 year old PORT ROYAL RYE WHISKY ... produced in very small lots ... carefully aged, and every batch tested by master blenders.

PORT ROYAL — Last But Not the Acadians

PARADE

Be prepared somebody up there will like you better

After a 30-minute delay for connecting passengers, Air Canada flight 903 to Winnipeg finally trundled onto the runway at Toronto International Airport. But no sooner did it reach its takeoff spot than it turned round and started trundling back again. Just as the passengers started grumbling, the captain came on the PA system and said: "Very sorry for this further delay, ladies and gentlemen, but it will only take a minute. We have to return to the terminal for a most important piece of equipment — the key to the door."

In Italy, big, boisterous families are a tradition. Ever wonder what kind of car a big Italian family drives?

When people think of Italian automobiles, the first (and maybe the only) thing that comes to mind is sports cars. But if big families are a tradition in Italy, they all can't squeeze into one of those sporty two-seaters, can they?

So what kind of car does a big Italian family drive?

An Italian family car — there is such a thing, you know. And so that there won't be any confusion, we're calling the new Fiat 124 Sedans and Station Wagons The Family Cars because they have family features galore.

Like wider-opening doors for easier entry. Extra large windows so everyone can enjoy Italy's great scenery. A large luggage compartment that holds everything a big Italian family needs on a long trip. (Of course the Station Wagon holds a lot more when the rear seat is folded down.) Safety padded dash, sun visors and arm rests. Plus a powerful defroster and heater for the coldest winters.

But so that Italian men, the most racing-minded people in the world, don't have to have their racing spirit doused when a family comes along, we've built performance, handling, durability and all important economy into The Fiat Family Cars, too.

There's a lively, front mounted 1197cc/65hp engine that'll exceed 87 mph, and is a real miser with gas. An all synchromesh, 4 on the-floor transmission. A 5 bearing crankshaft that gives vibration-free driving and longer engine life. Sure footed disc brakes on all four wheels. And exceptional road holding steering and suspension.

If you're still wondering what kind of car a big Italian family drives, see your Fiat dealer for the one that all European automotive editors have voted "Car of the Year."

And make our Family Car your family car.





124 Station Wagon and Sedan.
The Family Cars by Fiat.



You'll never know it's a cover up job when you use Vapex Flat Wall Finish!

Touch up mars and scuffs anytime on a Vapex painted wall. Just cover areas of extra wear and tear with a fresh coat of Vapex Flat Wall Finish. It blends right in. Effortless, odorless Vapex is so easy to apply. Needs no primer, dries in minutes to a smooth, washable finish. Rooms may be occupied the day they are painted. Rollers, brushes, hands clean up fast with soap and water. Choose from hundreds of beautiful, exclusive Calibrated Colors® at your Pratt & Lambert dealer. Months ... and hand prints later ... you'll still be delighted with the results.

VAPEX LATEX WALL PAINT by PRATT & LAMBERT-INC.

"Sin"—and flourishing churches

share some of his gloomy views on life, which generally seemed to be that the best thing about life was that it didn't last forever.

If there be heroes of the battle for the island, they must include Harry Percy — and Ken Sinclair, who maintains oil, beer and grocery deliveries in the face of a constantly diminishing clientele. He's a lanky, lacoanic man and so damned independent the island is roughly divided into those who love and those who hate Ken Sinclair. He owed to intimate my husband, who dreaded an open breach for fear of jeopardizing our supplies of oil and beer, which he considered equally essential to our island survival. Once the island was logbound for two days and the ferries couldn't reach us. But Sinclair's funeral hulk, scow, the Chuckle Joe, made the return trip carrying the week's beer supply.

Everyone drank, yet I never saw a drunk. There were more people living in sin than you might expect to find in other comparably sized communities — and yet they helped make the island churches two of the best-supported places of worship in Toronto. No one conformed to anyone else's ideas of dress or behavior or morals, and yet it was not a communal orgy on the city doorstep. It was a group of individuals living in one of the last places where the social climate was at least liberal enough for them to be as different as they damn well pleased.

Not all of these people will be swamped by the city. Two families have already left for British Columbia, where they're building seagoing boats in which they will continue the search for a paradise island. And if you ever hear of an elderly lady given to wearing hideous red stockings, who has the touch of St. Francis of Assisi, it's probably Mrs. Pull, late of Tormito Island. It is said she once put a landing light in her front garden so a sea gull she had raised could find its way home again. Another gull had chronically sore feet, so she fitted it with tiny rubber boots. And when last we met, she was nursing a duck with paralyzed legs. She had built it an invalid carriage from the chassis of a toy truck, and it rolled around the house propelling itself with its wings and the little movement of which its legs were capable.

In Etobicoke, they'd have a bylaw against Mrs. Pull.

Come to think of it, perhaps we ought to try Brian Hogan's Ultimate Weapon. It might work, and if it did it would be in a good cause. ★

MACLEAN'S



"Is there more to life than a partnership in Bronsler, Hoagland, Hocking and Fenn?"



Color focuses on youthful styling for hats and clothing.

(Top left insert) Another Stetson beauty—the Golden Century Sport in a luxurious cashmere finish. Matching felt band. $14.95

(Bottom left insert) A town felt from Stetson with sportive pinch front flair and dressy dark band. $17.95

Stetson offers a color mate to the Saddle glen check suit with an elegant centre crease Grand Prix hat. $20

(Right insert) Soft, forty Stetson Scrunventure with matching band and racy pinch front styling. $20

STETSON

Michaels/Stern gets with it in a smashing all wool 2 button Precede styled Saddle glen check. Flap pockets and side vents. $100

From the Michaels/Stern Ph D collection, a 5 in 1 outfit in all wool window pane check. Matching hat, reversible vest and contrasting slacks, plus a pullover sweater (not shown) to match slacks, about $125

(Coordinated shirts and ties by Forsyth Sheets by Jarman and Slater.)

MICHAELS/STERN



Heads-up colors, textures go to feet.

All Harvey Woods hosiery shown here is machine washable and dryable and STERISEPTIC treated. It remains antiseptic for its normal lifetime. One size fits 10 to 12

Executive length that "stays put." Neat rib. New heather shades including Saddle. In Sage. $2

(Centre inset) Neat cactus pattern in color fast wash 'n wear Shetland Mist yarns. Lycra elasticized top. $1.50

(Top left inset) The great Harvey Woods cushion sole with fine rib top. Kray-Wool and stretch Nylon. $2

(Left) Luxurious Orlon and stretch Nylon rib anklet. Natural springiness. $1.50

(Right) Husky heathery stretch sports sock. 11 heather colors. $1.50

Harvey Woods

Sophisticated new Jarman styles for town. (Left) Wing back brogue with new horizontal side gore. Antiqued Saddle Burgundy finish. (Right) Brown Anatina calf skin in lightly grained blucher style. Exclusive cushion tread heel. $23.95

Lustrous Black calf skin slip on by Jarman highlights new square toe and adjustable elastic top for a great fit. $19.90

Jan's dressy 3 eyelet blucher in fSussex grain. Square toe. Iron tread heel. $20.00

Jarman SHOES FOR MEN

Fashion Hat tops the Labrador Coat in a pure cashmere pinch-front, with contrasting velvet band. $15.95

For week-end loafing. Fashion Hat's Saddle sheepskin suede with suede band. Pinch front. $12.95

Crush-proof Sage glen check by Fashion is an all-wool import. Silk lining, centre crease. $8.95

Relaxed moments in the great outdoors call for Fashion's hopsack pinch-front with contrasting fancy band. $8.95

Fashion HAT AND CAP

The color explosion: Very big outdoors.

Deacon Brothers outerwear highlight— The Labrador Coat. 100% pure wool Kenwood blanket cloth. Distinctive double breasted styling. Raglan sleeve. Warm satin Mirkum lining. $49.95

Deacon's famous weather proof Grantell jacket in a deep Saddle tone. Roomy Raglan sleeve. $21.95. (Optional button in wool liner.) Worn with soft Viyella brown check shirt by Deacon. $15.00

Deacon Brothers



Two smart sweater items from Ren Dale of Canada
6 button high V neck Sage cardigan with Milano stitch 100% Botany wool $19 95 Worn with traditional Pima cotton shirt by Dale s of Montreal $7
Fully fashioned crew neck also by Ren Dale Vivid Saddle coloring and wide track hand knit cables 100% Botany wool $40 Worn with Dale s permanent press sport shirt $7

DALE'S OF MONTREAL
Ren DALE OF CANADA

The color jubilee in knitwear and footwear.

Rugged styling—a key issue in Slater s good looking Randak Prairie Buffalo brogue Double sole In burnished Saddle brown antique finish $34 95
Trim Slater burnished calf wing tip slip on with the new squared toe $28 95
Slater Ivywood Anatine calf enhanced by a hand laced leather plug $28 95
Elegant black shrunken grain blucher by Slater with fashion right square toe $21 95

Slater



Look for this poster at most men's shops and shoe stores.



There's a color explosion in men's fashion this fall!

It's called SADDLE'n SAGE

The Men's Fashion Council of Canada is the leader of the color explosion The firms involved are Forsyth, with shirts, neckwear and jewelry- Terry Williams, the sweatermaker, hatmakers Stetson and Fashion Hat & Cap shoemakers Jarman and Slater, Deacon Brothers the outerwear and sport shirt people Harvey Woods hosiery, Dale s of Montreal with sports shirts plus sweaters from their Ren-Dale Division Michaels/Stern of Canada provides the suits and sports suits They tell their story on the following pages

The Canadian male need no longer walk the land garbed like a mortician- Head-to-toe color coordination is the reason.

Fashion excellence means a trend to the new "in" colors. Saddle-browns and Sage-blue-greens.



THE MEN'S FASHION COUNCIL OF CANADA
Fashion Excellence
LE CONSEIL DE LA MODE MASCULINE DU CANADA

Over 2600 better men s shops and shoe stores are showing Saddle 'n Sage in colors right now Take this insert with you Use it as a color coordination buying guide

All prices shown are approximate

A color explosion! Dress and sports shirts, neckwear and sweaters.

Vibrance makes the splurge to more color in shirts, neckwear and jewelry from Forsyth. Everything from wide track stripes to solid shades and checks. In sweaters, Terry Williams highlights the new Imperial cable stitch and also emphasizes Saddle 'n Sage tones



Forsyth Sage blue twill dress shirt with Snap Peel collar and tapered body. French Cuffs $8.95. Hand engraved Florentine jewelry, $10.00. Tie of pure silk $2.50

Both from Forsyth

The high V neck looped pullover of pure Terry Williams m 100% pure wool Dramatic new Imperial cable stitch $18.95. Mock turtle sportkint by Forsyth $5.50

The neat Sage green Terry [illegible] 6 button cardigan is an Orlon and wool blend. Random stitch vertical bar pattern. Machine washable for easy care $15.95. Worn with Forsyth button down sport shirt $6.50. Gold shentung ascot $4.50

Forsyth sports shirt is all cotton Sanforized. Features button down collar, tapered body and embroidered pocket $6.50. Ascot by Forsyth $3.50

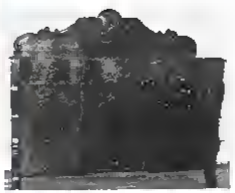
Forsyth

Terry Williams

YOUR QUESTIONS ABOUT

CANADIANA

ANSWERED BY GERALD STEVENS



"English" — from Canada

MRS. L. G., QUEBEC CITY

This sideboard is an excellent example of furniture which 25 years ago was known to have been imported from England. However, research has since established that many similar items were produced in Quebec City, Montreal, the Port Hope area of Ontario and Toronto. Complete dining and bedroom suites in native black walnut were available, and special items were made to order. The form of the backboard or pediment, the three drawers placed above three doors, the paneled doors, and the applied rosette carving are all typical of Canadian concepts of the period circa 1865. The majority of framed pieces produced in these styles were seldom supplied with the elaborate brassee of the period but were designed with turned knobs of a matching wood and/or a recessed area. Examples of this period are well worth preserving and documented specimens will increase in value.

Pillar pattern

MR. J. S., TORONTO

This pressed-glass cake plate or "salver" — the term used in early Canadian glass-company catalogues — is credited to the Hemphrey Glass Works of Trenton, NS (1890-1914) and has been titled "Pillar Variant." The original authentications of the "Pillar" and the "Pillar Variant" designs were provided by two Maritimes Canadiana authorities. There also exist several rare and interesting glass whimseys in the form of hand-manipulated hats made from pressed-glass vessels. By far the largest known to me was made from a water pitcher decorated with the Pillar pattern. It is in the Citadel Hill branch of the Nova Scotia Museum in Halifax. The second "hat" whimsey was made from a pressed-glass tumbler in the same design.



Silver sleuthing

MRS. J. B., NORTH BAY, ONT.

The covered cigar bowl with the stamped trade mark "Forbes Silver Co. Quadruple" and an inner circle enclosing a fleur-de-lis (?) buds head is a product of the Forbes Silver Company of Meriden, Connecticut. It is plated not solid silver and even the classification Quadruple could be questioned.





Collecting treen

W. O., MONTREAL

The collecting of treen (woodenwares) has recently become a science in Canada. Extensive collections of bowls, maple-sugar and butter molds, drinking cups used by the coureurs de bois while on a portage, animal-like figures, weathervanes, etc. have been assembled by knowledgeable collectors. The most useful wooden bowls were those used in the kitchen and as containers for the most readily obtained cash crop — maple syrup and sugar. The bowl shown is an interesting example which could have been used as either. This elliptical vessel, hewn from a solid limb or block, is a rare example cleverly designed with one grooved handle which supplied a built-in pouring spout.

Gerald Stevens invites queries on Canadiana and other antiques. Each letter must be accompanied by a clear photograph and all available data. We cannot undertake to return photographs. Address letters to: Canadiana, Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto 2. Oct. Please enclose stamped, self-addressed envelope if a personal reply is desired.



Abitibi

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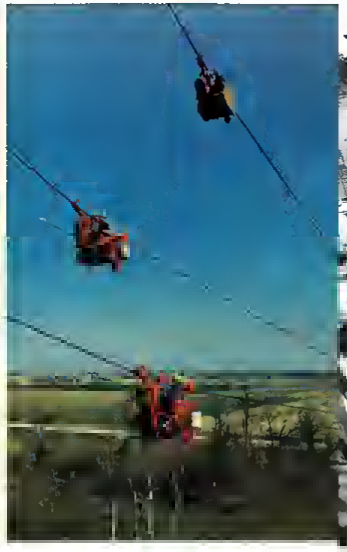
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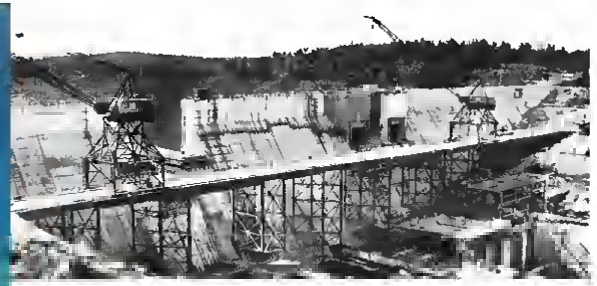
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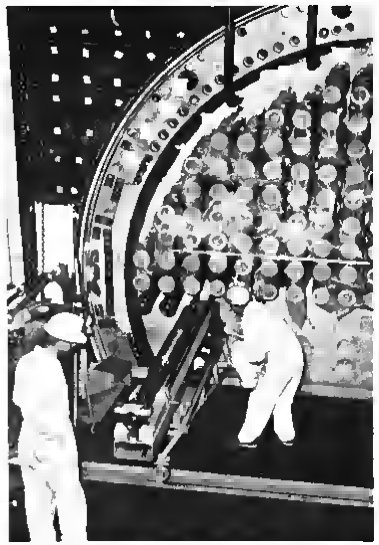
67

Hydro's vast expansion program is geared to a burgeoning Ontario's electrical needs.













Top: While most of Ontario's future load requirements will be met from conventional and nuclear thermal generation, development of the province's remaining water power resources is proceeding with vigour. Mountain Chute is one of four new hydro-electric projects under way in Northern and Eastern Ontario.

Lower right: Advanced computer technology helps Hydro to serve its customers more effectively than ever. Computers contribute to the efficiency of routine tasks such as customer billing, accounting, inventory and materials control. They also greatly facilitate the solving of complex problems in the planning, design and operation of Hydro's massive generating and transmission system.

Above: Nuclear experts installing coolant assemblies in the reactor of Canada's first full-scale nuclear electric plant at Douglas Point. The Douglas Point Nuclear Power Station on the shore of Lake Huron has helped to make Canada a leader in the industrial development of nuclear energy.





Upper left: Due for service in 1970, one of the world's largest nuclear electric generating stations is now under construction at Pickering, Ontario. By 1971 Pickering will be capable of supplying the energy for a million homes.

Lower left: Engineers, draughtsmen, mathematicians and people of many other trades and professions are constantly at work on Hydro's long-range plans. New methods and technologies are being applied to help ensure abundant, low-cost electric power for every conceivable need.

Upper right: These Hydro-developed cable cars are a fascinating example of new maintenance techniques. In these metal cars linemen are propelled along transmission lines to inspect conductors and insulators and to carry out repairs.

Lower right: A control room at Lakeview, one of the world's largest thermal-electric generating stations. The most up-to-date operating and control equipment, including closed-circuit television, enables Hydro technicians to program the complete generating process. At full operation, Lakeview will provide more electric power than the entire province used in 1947.

Throughout Ontario, small towns and great cities have one thing in common: a never-ending need for power. Ontario's tremendous growth calls for more electricity every day, every week, every year. To keep pace with this constantly growing need for power, Hydro will more than double its present resources within the next ten years.

Right now, Hydro is hard at work planning and building for the future. A vast expansion program is under way, using the force of mighty Ontario rivers and the heat produced from coal and nuclear fission to meet every future need for electricity.

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CHILDBIRTH *continued from page 40*

If you expect pain, you get it

The PPM method simply takes the Dick Read philosophy one stage further. Instead of relaxing and being fairly passive in the delivery room, the PPM trained mother believes as an article of faith that she should actively participate, not just be an anesthetized and frequently frightened lump on the delivery table from which the doctor or midwife produces a baby — presto! — much as a conjurer produces a rabbit from a hat.

PPM is in fact, scarcely more than a subtle change in emphasis. And that's the remarkable thing about psychoprophylaxis: a minor change in women's attitude of mind can apparently make such an enormous difference to the process of human reproduction. Indeed it's almost alarming to find the premise on which zealots have based a PPM propaganda campaign is that while we're sending rockets to the moon, most women still don't understand *how* they give birth and in their ignorance generally dread childbirth — and dreading it, suffer needlessly, because if you expect pain you get it. Equally startling is the fact that to promote simple changes in existing techniques PPM propagandists seem to feel it necessary to gird themselves to battle monumental indifference and opposition from doctors, nurses and hospitals.

Many of these propagandists are mothers whose experiences with psychoprophylaxis were so rewarding they've since become almost messianic about it. All of them are probably enjoying, as do most people with a cause, a mild and collective martyr complex, but they undoubtedly will meet opposition by indifference to PPM as a whole and a blunt refusal to permit the ultimate stage of psychoprophylaxis: the presence of the husband during actual delivery. Despite new techniques, most doctors still advocate sedatives and anesthetics during childbirth — and so most women have them. And most doctors refuse to let the father in at the birth.

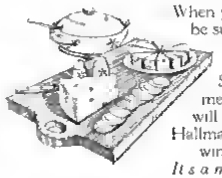
The controversy over Dr. Dick Read's "Natural childbirth" method hadn't entirely ended on his death in the late 1950s though by then his theories were widely accepted. His method involves preparing the expectant mother with elementary anatomy lessons so she knows what she'll be going through, and convincing her that giving birth is not necessarily so agonizing that it's best to be anesthetized. Mothers are also taught to breath deeply with the diaphragm during labor to make the delivery easier. All this was based on Dick Read's belief that childbirth was an ordeal only because women had been conditioned by old wives' tales into believing it was. His aim was to "de-condition" them—and his method worked in about 60 percent of cases.

Dick Read launched his method

continued on page 66

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30 years ago. Apparently women still need to be de-conditioned.

Psychoprophylaxis takes this process one stage further. It aims to not only de-condition women, but also to re-condition them to the positive belief that having babies is not only a joy but can be made easier if they stay in control of their bodies and the delivery at all times. One of the few Canadian obstetricians who practises PPM says that "in most cases a woman is anesthetized and *is delivered* of her baby. Under psychoprophylaxis she *delivers* the baby herself to the doctor or nurse who are on hand to assist her and take charge only in the event of complications."

It sounds like semantics, but it's not. If the European experts and women who have used the method can be believed, this change in attitude can transform childbirth from an ordeal to an ecstatic experience in 80 to 90 percent of cases.

The PPM six-week course should ideally be taken in the two months before the baby is born so the conditioning doesn't wear off before labor begins. Apart from the elementary anatomy, the expectant mother is also taught — as she would be in the Dick Read method — to relax. Only in this case she is supposed to relax certain muscles at certain times as an *instinctive* response to the stimulus of the phases of labor and delivery. For instance, the start of each contraction should be the trigger to begin a predetermined shallow, panting breathing pattern. The breathing itself is different from that advocated by Dick Read; he prescribed using the diaphragm to take deep breaths, while the PPM method says you should use the lungs to take short breaths. In theory the woman is so busy concentrating on her breathing she doesn't have much time to feel pain.

As a PPM instruction book puts it: "Think of each contraction as a wave at the seaside, rising to a peak, breaking and then running out again over the sand. It can be a great deal of fun to ride through these large waves if you dive through with absolute control of your body and your breathing."

PPM-trained women are also told what physical sensations and emotions to expect during labor and delivery and are, hopefully, conditioned to control their reactions.

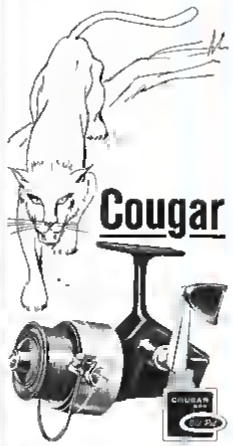
"For instance, you usually feel terribly tearful and depressed at one stage of labor and nervous at another, and if you don't expect it then you're frightened to death," says Susan Parlor, a Toronto lawyer's wife who became chairman of the Toronto Childbirth Education Association after having her second child by PPM last Christmas. A PPM-trained mother *knows* she'll probably feel depressed or weepy or nauseated, or all three, and so — hopefully — won't panic. According to the instruction book, she is in full control of her body and reacts in a precise and orderly manner to these stimuli. She concentrates on something other than the pain. In one of its more extravagant

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moments the instructor book as an example of the phenomenon of conditioning cites the soldier in battle who is so intent on doing well under fire that he is unaware of being wounded — until after the battle has ended. That is.

If a woman does panic or otherwise forgets her training her husband should be on hand to remind her especially during labor. Like the Dick Read method PPM is based partly on the belief that giving birth as well as giving life is a joint effort. Unlike the Dick Read method PPM requires the husband to attend at least some of the prenatal training classes and to help rehearse his wife before the actual labor and delivery. The husband's job during labor is to offer moral support and to help his wife stay in control of what's happening by reminding her to follow the prescribed breathing and relaxing patterns when contractions are taking place.

Ideally the husband should also be present at the birth still helping with support and reminders. Many other-wise co-operative husbands can't face the prospect of being in at the birth itself — and they may well be glad of the fact that most doctors don't permit husbands in the delivery room. However they are permitted to be present at the birth itself in one Canadian hospital: St. Joseph's in Hamilton, Ontario where PPM was formally adopted last December as a hospital sponsored program of prenatal education.

Respect — and satisfaction

By mid-June about 50 women had given birth with their husbands on hand whispering breathing instructions into their ear. One such husband attended a midsummer class of 20 couples, all planning to have their babies by PPM, to describe his experiences in the delivery room. Ted Hosier a Hamilton Arts Club representative told how two days earlier he had been in at the labor and birth of his fourth child, a boy. "I didn't take the lesson very seriously," he said, "but then my wife had the hardest labor of all and I was able to help her by staying in control all the time. I tell you when you see your wife in labor you have a lot more respect for womanhood. I did, all my life." Mrs. Barbara Hosier says now that her husband had never even stayed with her during labor before, but this time, as soon as the baby was born and he realized it was a boy, I looked up from the table and I saw the glow on his face — that was satisfaction enough for me. She says her husband is also more deeply involved with his fourth infant than he ever was with his other children of the same age.

Women who have had successful PPM childbirths—and no one claims it works in all cases — are usually enthusiastic converts afterward. Mrs. Porter of the Toronto Childbirth Education Association, and Mrs. Renee Brodie leader of the Vancouver chapter of the U.K.-based National Childbirth Trust both began to

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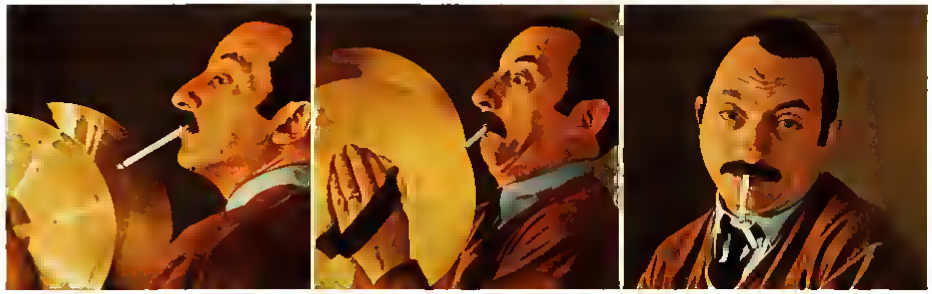
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First skepticism, then panic, then a sense of wonder

devote time and effort to spreading the PPM gospel after each had her second child by psychoprophylaxis. Mrs. Porter says that having her second baby last Christmas was quite the most wonderful exhilarating thing that ever happened to me. though I had to train myself. My husband didn't take it seriously, so he had to read the instructions for husbands while I was in labor."

Even more compelling testimony comes from Dr. Jack Shekter, a general practitioner in Hamilton. In the past 10 years he has delivered 1,000 babies, give or take a few dozen, so that even the births of his own two sons (he was present, but didn't deliver them) were fairly routine and emotional occasions. But 16 months ago his wife Sonya gave birth to a daughter by psychoprophylaxis. Dr. Shekter skeptically followed his wife's instructions and sat with her during labor, helping remind her of the breathing exercises. She had no sedative and as contractions became more frequent to signal the end of labor it was he, not she, who began to panic. He offered her the spinal anesthetic that most North American women receive for the delivery. Sonya refused. And filled with what he later described as a sense of wonder, Shekter leaned forward and kissed his wife. Together they went into the delivery room and he performed his duties as prescribed. Afterward he said, "It opened my eyes to what my wife — all women — are capable of. And in that it gave me a greater empathy with expectant mothers. it made me a better doctor."

The Shekters also apparently had an experience commonly reported by PPM parents: in their togetherness in the delivery room they drew closer together as man and wife. A few hours after the delivery Shekter sent his wife a note of congratulation. She won't say what he wrote, but you can hear the love in her voice when she says proudly that he sent it.

Dr. Shekter is also on record as saying, when he saw his baby daughter, that infants born by psychoprophylaxis "seem brighter than babies born when the mother is under anesthetic. They wriggle more and cry better." One of the less frequently promoted virtues of any "natural" childbirth is that it minimizes the risk of injury or malfunction due to incautious or inexpert anesthesia.

Sonya Shekter was a patient of obstetrician Dr. Murray Enkin, the man responsible for launching the PPM course at St. Joseph's Hospital where he is deputy head of the department of obstetrics and gynecology. On a trip to Paris in 1962, Enkin met disciples of Dr. Fernand Lamaze, the French physician who imported PPM to western Europe and ever since has been training expectant mothers in psychoprophylaxis. But the method to be totally effective requires that nurses as well as doctor understand what the expectant mother is trying to do, and can help with encouragement — and the extra pillows or adjustable bed that a PPM mother needs to adopt the right posture. The hospital's decision to institute a PPM program provided Dr. Enkin with his first chance to try the entire method through to having the husband on hand at the birth. Now St. Joseph's medical director Dr. James Galloway says, "We introduced the program largely because of Dr. Enkin's propaganda. Now we've seen it work. I'm convinced it's very successful. It wouldn't work for everyone, but those couples who have had babies this way think it is a wonderful and rewarding experience.'

continued on page 71

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Few Canadian doctors are as sympathetic as this. Few hospitals would be as co-operative as St. Joseph's. The medical profession tends quite properly to caution when faced with innovation. It is the more skeptical in the absence of scientific evidence. And as Dr. Enkin says, "There's no hope of producing scientific evidence about psychoprophylaxis. Every woman has a singular emotional experience in childbirth, and so it's too subjective to be the basis for any scientific survey. But if you see it at work you'd have no doubts — scientist or not."

Without some objective proof North American doctors cling to the belief that women should have all their children with sedative and anesthetic in hospital with a physician in attendance. This system means the woman is spared the traditionally expected pain of childbirth — and is believed to help lessen the risk of childbirth mortality. Cyanes suggest it is also good business for the doctors.

In Europe (where the childbirth mortality rates usually compare favorably with those of Canada and the U.S.) all but a woman's first child are delivered at home by nurse-midwives who tend to be more sympathetic than male obstetricians to any system of childbirth that might make life easier for the female.

Indeed immigrant nurse-midwives from Britain already trained in PPM often give expectant mothers at least part of the course — the breathing pattern seems particularly popular as a pain reliever — while their doctors are preparing for traditional delivery.

But usually psychoprophylaxis stops at the delivery room door because obstetrics refusal to have husbands in at the birth. As one Montreal obstetrician puts it: "It's true the husband is present at the laying of the keel but I'm damned if I think he has any right to a place at the launching."

Other doctors are less dogmatic. Dr. William Allemang, a professor of obstetrics at the University of Toronto, says: "We've all been through those various methods of preparation for childbirth and I've even had a couple of people go through this psychoprophylaxis with the husband at the delivery and find it totally rewarding. But it's a terribly subjective thing. It's a fringe thing in the field of obstetrics. I and I suspect most of my colleagues believe the best preparation for childbirth is to be a mature well rounded person able therefore to do well under stress." Dr. Allemang is what you might call a liberal-progressive in his field.

There was initial resistance to the idea of PPM in France, Britain and other European nations when it was first introduced. Mrs. Ina Wright, the nurse famous for popularizing PPM in Britain, spent June on a lecture tour of the U.S. and Canada. Her lectures in both Toronto and Vancouver were packed, mostly with women and in her prepared speech she explained it would take time for psychoprophylaxis to spread in North America just as it had in Britain. She said: "We make no outrageous claims. We don't say childbirth can be painless; we just say it makes childbirth a more rewarding experience with a minimum of pain and discomfort. Slowly women began insisting on practising the New Childbirth, and when their doctors saw the results they, too, were convinced and began to send other patients to our courses. That's what will happen here. I should think."

There are signs it has begun already. Many hospitals and some doctors are incorporating parts of the PPM program into existing prenatal training for expectant mothers. The 20 couples at the St. Joseph's Hospital class in June had been sent there by six local doctors who a few months ago were skeptics. Largely through the influence of nurses a large part of the PPM program is in use at a handful of hospitals, including the Royal Columbian in New Westminster, British Columbia, and the General Hospital in Sudbury, Ontario.

Even in the most significant single factor in the spreading of psychoprophylaxis in Canada and the U.S. will probably be — odd though it sounds — the contraceptive pill. Dr. Enkin explains: "Because of the Pill people are now having children by design not accident. In that case they want the birth of their baby to be as meaningful an experience as possible and that means psychoprophylaxis will inevitably become widespread. We'll have to find another name for it first though — one that isn't such a mouthful. ★





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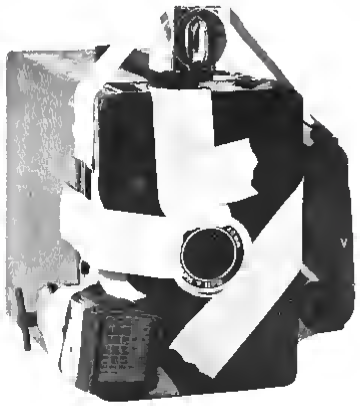


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RATING GAME *continued from page 25*

"What's a healthy personality?"

vastly different conceptions of what makes up a healthy human personality. What's more, people with differing ideas of what made up a healthy personality appeared to function perfectly well within their own definitions.

Initially, there appeared to be five widespread concepts of healthy personality. Graves called them "levels" and arranged them in order of superiority. He decided that the more freedom of choice an individual allowed himself, the higher his level of civilization. Thus someone who lived rigidly by the rules of a dogmatic religion allowed himself little freedom of choice; he ranked below someone who thought out every moral dilemma for himself. At the bottom of the list of five levels Graves tacked on two other low-grade groups he'd encountered through anthropological work and field trips.

Graves' first test was simply to ask his subjects, "What is your conception of a healthy human personality?" He found the answers highly indicative of a person's level.

FIRST LEVEL MAN is a human vegetable—a mental retardate or someone in the throes of a mental breakdown. He is similar in many ways to a new-born baby: only dimly aware of life outside, he's concerned mainly with feeding, illness, reproduction and primitive squabbles. He is obviously unable to define what to him is a healthy personality—or anything else.

SECOND-LEVEL MAN is primarily concerned with survival. His brain is just starting to awaken, but he only dimly comprehends what's happening. He's consequently full of magical beliefs; he lives by totems and taboos. He's able to work, but his performance in any job is spotty and sporadic. Anyone trying to manage a level-Two worker must resort to the threat of sheer, naked force to get him to do anything; even then, his work will be poor. Examples of Twos can be found in primitive hillbilly areas such as Appalachia, and in U.S. Job Corps programs in backward areas.

THIRD-LEVEL MAN is much more common in North America. Unlike Two, he is aware of the forces within himself and the world, and he copes with them by imposing a rigid order on himself. Such people frequently subscribe to some dogmatic system—often religion of some sort. A Three believes he is what he was born to be; position in life is predetermined by some extra-human power. Thus typically a Three could say a healthy personality is someone who lives by the Ten Commandments. He works best within a rigidly enforced set of rules—army regulations, for instance—and as long as they're there, he'll be happily productive. Remove these rules and the Three becomes neurotic and unproductive. Threes, says Graves, make excellent secretaries.

FOURTH LEVEL men is very different from a Three. Fours believe in the power of self, the mastery of the world through one's own personal power. To a Four, God shows his hand not by ordering from birth the state of affairs but by distributing among people varying degrees of power. Fours believe that those who come out on top in life fully deserve it; those who fail are simply ordained to submit themselves to the chosen few. Fours are dogmatic—but pragmatic, too. Thus they'll change their beliefs if they find something that works better. To them a healthy personality is whatever way of life they happen to be following at the time. Fours make excellent bosses or husbands for Threes. At work, they produce best after a period of hard bargaining with management.

FIFTH LEVEL man is the team player, the junior executive who is constantly running things up the flagpole to see who salutes. He's solved the problems of basic survival, and now he's determined not to rock the boat. He's no longer interested in material gain or power; he seeks self-esteem and social status. Thus he'll always go along with what everyone else decides is best. The danger with Fives at work is that they become so enamored with group decision-making that they often have one meeting after another and never get anything done. To a Five, a healthy personality is what everyone else has agreed it is. Not surprisingly, Fives often make lousy bosses for Three and Fours. The Three is confused by the Five's wooing tendencies. The Four simply takes advantage of the Five's uselessness.

SIXTH LEVEL men drives erect businessmen up the wall. Sixes are an hunger motivated by many common fears—fear of survival, fear of God, fear of the boss. Sixes are quietly confident of their capacity to survive come what may. They resent following standard operating procedure, and they work best when allowed to do things their own way. Sixes are often lured to advanced technological or creative industries—inevitably they're in deep trouble when they find themselves working under a team playing Five or see authoritarian Four. To a Six, a healthy human personality is a casual definition such as "It's what I think it is—I don't care whether you agree or not."

SEVENTH-LEVEL men, the highest on Graves' scale, is a refined version of the Six. He's conquered the Six's desire for self-esteem. What drives the Seven is the desire to acquire and to disseminate information. Thus Sevens are often scholars, who may live eccentrically in a world by themselves; unlike the Sixes they will not attempt to change their working conditions or the world outside. They will simply wait until conditions change themselves. Asked for a definition of a healthy personality Sevens say: "I'm damned if I know." According to Graves: "You get an almost mystical conception where the guy says he has a sort of *feeling* of what a healthy human is."

Having established his basic seven levels, Graves noticed certain similarities between odd- and even-numbered levels. Odd-numbered people, it appeared were trying to adjust to their environment, while even-numbered people were attempting to change it. At this point Graves noticed another phenomenon: there appeared to be a marked similarity between Ones and Sevens. Both were passive; both tended to a rather mystical type of thought, though on vastly different intellectual levels. Graves now believes Sevens may actually be Ones on a brand new ladder of levels, and that unlimited cycles of new levels may develop in the future.

"We can speculate," he says, "that mankind may be able to progress steadily in the future to higher levels still. Advances in biochemistry, for instance, may make it possible for us to induce chemical changes in people to enable them to progress to levels still undreamed of."

Having formed the theoretical basis of his system, Graves tested it with students. He grouped them according to their levels and asked them to solve problems—sorting out piles of cards, for example. The Threes split up into a number of small groups, each with its own leader. Graves interprets this as being analogous to a feudal craft society with elaborate hierarchies within trade guilds. The Fours started off by having one hell of a fight... at the end of which there emerged an overall leader. Fives worked well with no leader emerging at all. Sixes tended to choose a leader well qualified for the task in hand, and then drop him in favor of another leader better suited for the next task. As for Sevens, Graves has yet to find one among his students.

This part of Graves' research is most immediately applicable to the field of management psychology. Graves experiments with groups of students at various levels showed that specific management techniques are applicable for each level. So far, Graves knows of only one company that's taken direct action as a result of his theory. A New York advertising agency reorganized its creative staff—level-Sixes mostly—so they wouldn't be under a level-Five team player. Productivity and morale showed an impressive increase.

In Canada a Toronto sales consultant looking for a better job has already tried to cash in on Graves' system by advertising himself in a newspaper as a level-Three. "I read the article," explains Don Fulton, 38, a father of five, "and it seemed to me that level-Threes are the most desirable workers for management to have. So I advertised myself that way." He described himself as "client-oriented, operative, responsible, predictable"—productive because he believes it's his moral duty to do his best. But for several days at least, there was no response. Obviously Graves' theory is not yet widely enough known. "I just tried the ad as a teaser really," says Fulton.

Graves' system applies equally to nations. The United States, he says, is a Four moving toward being a Five, with strong undercurrents of Three thinking still at work. A classic example of the change from Four to Five is illustrated by a comment from one of Governor Ronald Reagan's California campaign managers in 1966: "Working people in California used to register as Democrats," he said, "but when they buy a house and get some roots down they went stability... they're against boat rockers. They become conservative."

If Graves is right that the U.S. is moving from Four to Five—then one obvious conclusion is that we're going

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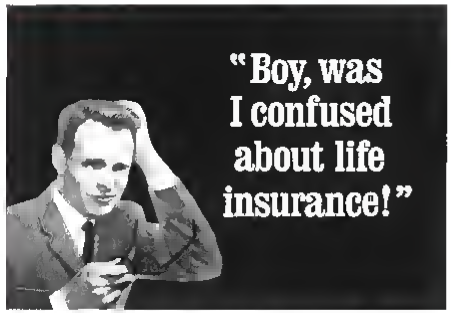


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"All those technical insurance terms such as participating benefits, renewable and convertible, misstatement of age, waiver of premium and double indemnity all sounded Greek to me. I felt like a real dope. Then I met a Canadian Order of Foresters life insurance representative.

"Funny thing, with all the policies he gave me, he didn't push any one of them. He just explained each and told me what good he was for. In short, he helped me think. That's my kind of insurance man!

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Even nations get a Graves rating

to see a lot more Ronald Reagans gain power.

As for Three-level thinking, it's not difficult to detect strong strains of it in the arguments of those opposing abortion or liquor-law reform. Its characteristics are theologically based rules for living. Today the Threes are fighting a losing battle to preserve their old fashioned, rigid well-ordered world.

In international affairs, Graves system shows the importance of recognizing when a nation is moving from one level to another, and adjusting policy to match. Thus Russia changed from Three to Four when it went from Stalin to Khrushchev, and is now reaching to level—Five with Kosygin. The only way to deal with Stalin's Russia was to lay down the rules and stick by them; with Soviet—Khrushchev, the NATO policy of containment. But this inflexible approach was not appropriate for Khrushchev who, as a Four, responded well to hard bargaining. I know he is Kosygin and those who follow him reach increasingly toward level Five; they'll genuinely want to get along with everybody and avoid bad feeling.

China, says Graves, is trying to change from Three to Four; witness the Red Guards' tactics. Chairman Mao, as a classic Three, is fighting a desperate rearguard action against the more progressive Fours. Given time, China will hopefully change again up to Five, at which point the threat of war will disappear.

Graves also believes the whole field of education is a perfect example of where his theory should be put to practical use. "It's crazy educating people according to income level, academic skills or grades as we do now," says Graves. "Obviously what we should do is reorganize education along the lines of the different levels. Thus all Fours would go to school together, all Fives — and so on. Teachers would become expert in handling each particular group, rather than having to cope with all groups as they do now."

Graves sums the God-is-dead' theological debate as another instance of the change in levels at work. Thus the old religion was for Three and Fours; the new approach is making headway with Fives, because Fives will always go along with what the "experts" think best. The stirring undercurrents of Three thinking still at work in North America will continue for some time to provide the fundamentalist and dogmatic religions with flocks. Increasingly though, the middle of the road religions will change to Five thinking, and subscribe to the God is dead' view. The most difficult change to make, says Graves, both for an individual or a nation is from Five to Six. "This is tough," he says, "because nothing is more frightening for a Five than to have to start thinking for himself. It's only when you get to be a Six that you start to see the world as it really is."

President Kennedy, Graves believes, was approaching the Sixth level when he was assassinated. President Johnson gets a much lower rating — he's a Four "trying to sound like a Five." Prime Minister Pearson sounds like a Six to Graves although he admits: "We get so damnably little information on Canada in our papers here that I wouldn't say anything about Canadian leaders for sure."

So far, Graves professes surprise at the attention his theory is getting. He says he had resigned himself to a quiet, unobtrusive life at Union College, a small school noted for it anything, the tendency of its students to be unremarkable. Graves is now working on the book which will ultimately break his system to the world.

The whole idea came to light prematurely in the *Harvard Business Review*. It got printed only because Graves lamented unduly to his plumber on the difficulties of getting academic work published. The plumber, a *Business Review* reader, wrote in diligently to the *Review* editors, demanding to know why they'd neglected such an obviously great man. Sure enough, Graves was invited to publish.

His article, entitled *Deterioration of Work Standards*, applied his theory to the problem of getting the most from workers. Graves point was that each worker should be treated according to his level and not just as a member of a mass. The article prompted the fantastic demand for reprints and soon Graves was in the limelight. Letters asking for further details and requests for speeches are coming into Graves' tiny office so fast he can't keep up now; he just ignores them. "I've only got half a secretary," he explains.

Many people who've already become familiar with Graves theory find themselves in an eerie state of indecision — the same feeling they got in fact when they first read Marshall McLuhan. Is the notion simply restating the mashingly obvious in a provocative new way — or is he really onto something? Certainly Graves' observations aren't without precedent. In the 1950s U.S. sociologist David Riesman in *The Lonely Crowd* set up similar categories to analyze the emergence of the American managerial elite. Riesman's categories — "tradition directed, inner directed, man" — closely correspond to the Threes, Fours and Fives on the Graves scale.

Graves is charmingly uncertain on this point himself. "On the surface, I suppose I sound like the egotist," he said all egotists he admits. "But I am proposing something which purports to explain everything." He's worried that others will neglect the serious scientific research that went into establishing his theory; he's devoting all his spare time into getting his book as yet unpublished into print as quickly as possible.

Modestly Graves places himself as a Three who is in transition to a Four but who's held back from further development by the need to work for a living. "I was retired in a very severe Third level world," he says. "And that takes a lot of breaking out of. My problem is that which confronts most of us — to a certain extent I'm held in bondage by the conditions of my own existence. Once I can get the problems of my own financial security solved and provide for my family, then I'll be able to start operating at a higher level. I'd dearly love to be a Six or a Seven but it's pretty tough when you're teaching for a living."

He cheerfully admits that on the Union campus he's considered a bit of a character until recently he drove a rusted 1955 Ford with 250,000 miles on the clock, and he openly laments the lack of student nonconformity.

"I'm rather carefully nurtured this image," he says. "It makes it easier for me to be left alone to do my own thinking."

So far it seems to have paid off — his book is almost finished and with it perhaps will come financial security and a chance to be a Six or Seven. "That" he says "will have made the whole damn thing worthwhile." ★

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BANKRUPTCY *continued from page 35*

"It's a mistake to wait—buy now"

dug with the creditor's name on his collar. The typical debtor is now a gay dog pursuing happiness in a charity. Most say that is 25 percent paid for. He counts many of the products touted in the 1,500 advertisements that bombard the average consumer every day of the week. If he thought about it, he'd probably go along with Professor James V. Pounds of the University of Toronto's School of Business, who is a strong proponent of consumer credit, sees nothing wrong with the Canadian way of debt and believes that in most cases, "it's a real mistake to wait until you have the money to buy something, since by depriving yourself of it you are making yourself poorer."

But what of the chronic over-spenders, the people whose bank accounts are here today, drawn tomorrow, who are never happy and all too often in trouble? As Prof. Pounds sees it, such people simply lack guidance. "We may have to teach them to budget," he says. "A loan is a pretty simple product. All you have to learn is how to buy credit sensibly."

Others view with considerable alarm the bankrupts, the busy bailiffs and the booming collection-agency business. In Ontario alone, 135 collection agencies garnered more than $19 million last year from consumers who couldn't or wouldn't pay up without pressure — a rise of four million dollars in three years. And, significantly, that sum represented only about one third of the amount of money they were after.

"We have trouble with 10 percent of our accounts," says the assistant vice-president of a large sales-finance company. "Five percent get in over their heads due to circumstances beyond their control. Five percent are simply not reliable. Everyone today shares a completely different attitude to debt from the old one of shame and guilt. But this five percent — they don't seem to feel much obligation."

A Toronto finance-company director says that at least half of personal bankruptcies are unnecessary. "Company-wide, we lose two percent of the average outstanding balance of our loans, and the rate is rising." One result, of course, is inadvisably higher interest charges.

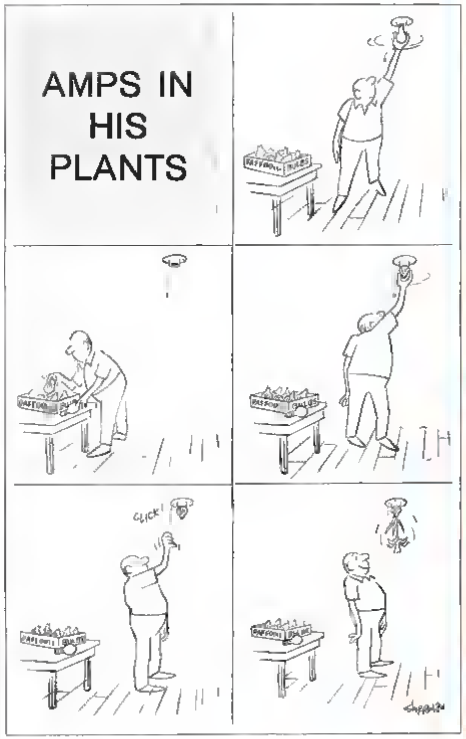
Finance companies do what they can to discourage bankruptcies. "If a man is in real difficulty, we'll reduce payments and interest charges and help him get re-established," says an industry spokesman. "We are not ogres." Most firms will also co-operate with such social service organizations as the year-old Credit Counselling Service of Metropolitan Toronto, which acts as an intermediary between debtors and creditors. "We're here for people who want help," says executive director G. E. Penfold. "We don't offer any easy way out, but we have kept people working who would have been on welfare forever because they couldn't have afforded to work — their wages would have been garnisheed. We try to improve mediocre client relationships and remain debts in such a way that our people can meet their obligations with some self-discipline. Our hope is to develop in them an ingrained habit of regular payment."

Penfold doesn't know what percentage of his clients backslide into debt after they leave his care. "We haven't been operating long enough," he says. But a "fairly small" percentage of cases referred to the Counselling Service by other organizations don't bother to show up for appointments. The ones who do, he feels, are strongly motivated to clean up their financial messes. The most desperate cases he believes, are "alcoholics of credit" who haven't been able to control their urges to buy. Penfold refers to one compulsive credit situation that included a department-store account of more than $5,000.

A Manhattan psychiatrist, Dr. Harold Greenwald, has theorized that many chronic debtors are masochists who enjoy being shoved around by their creditors — one of his patients became deeply depressed after he had settled up his last account. Dr. John Clayton, unit director of the Ontario Hospital at 959 Queen Street West in Toronto, says the overspenders he has encountered among mental patients are there "helpless pawns in their drives and needs — they are just swept along in the rat race." William G. White, a supervisor with the Family Service Association of Metropolitan Toronto, takes the view that most of them are simply exploited by creditors and salesmen. "The way the lumber industry exploited the forests in the old days and nobody thought anything about it," Linn K. Twinem, chairman of the Consumer Bankruptcy Committee of the American Bar Association, finds that most of the debtors who'll throw 1.5 billion dollars down the personal bankruptcy drain this year in the U.S. are "misguided or misinformed — they just can't look ahead and calculate what their ability will be to pay." Twinem adds that others are "simply indifferent about the whole thing and will buy what they want without any concern about paying up."

The president of one small Toronto finance company takes a cynical — and frightening — view of this latter group. "There used to be an assumption that not to pay was an immoral act," he says. "But was it valid? Part of our so-called morality is based on getting the most for the least. What better deal than not to pay at all? Isn't that the best possible buy? Then too, there is the idea, inspired by the trade unions, that the boss is a bad guy. He's going to exploit you. The

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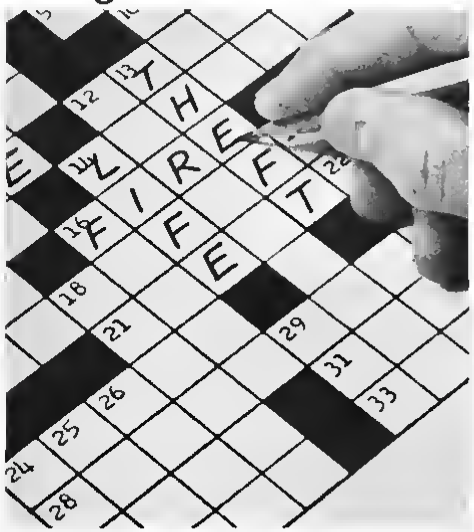
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boss is also the guy down the street with the big store. So you try to beat him. One way is through the wonderful mechanism of bankruptcy. The worst credit risks — and there are more of them every year — are people who own nothing, lost souls spiritually and intellectually, people who move through life almost like automatons, and who pay up only when they are forced to."

Yes, bankers used to be like Scrooge
before he encountered
the ghost of Marley.
But alone, came TV and now,
they are Good Time Charlie.
— Ogden Nash

The advent of banks as money department stores has had an insidious effect on the new morality of credit. The Bank of Commerce hawks Red Convertible Loans, and the Toronto-Dominion Bank intones "Money cannot buy happiness. But you can give it the old school try with a low-cost personal loan." (The low cost, incidentally, is somewhat deceptive. Figure on a three year installment loan adding at least 25 percent to the cash price of a purchase.) Now that bankers are with it, the loan-company folks — who charge up to 40 percent interest annually on small consumer loans — will assume almost any risk to meet stiffening competition for the credit dollar.

"Anybody can obtain credit somewhere along the line," says Murray Hahn, a Toronto bankruptcy trustee. "Banks, near banks, trust companies, credit unions, finance companies, individuals looking for investment opportunities — they can't shovel it out fast enough. Many people get credit from more than one source on the same security. They don't care if they can repay it. After a while they run out of places to borrow, and excuses, and so they go into bankruptcy."

A composite Toronto bankrupt — described by a trustee, an expert in consumer credit, and a social worker — is 35, married with three children, a Canadian citizen of Anglo-Saxon ancestry and an unskilled laborer who earns about $80 a week net and has compiled numerous small debts totaling about $3,500. The major creditors are a couple of finance companies — once in trouble, our bankrupt has reacted characteristically by taking out another loan to "consolidate" his debts. ("Why can't people see that the cost of these bill-payer loans is greater?" says the administrator of a welfare fund. "No man ever borrowed his way out of debt.")

Sales resistance is a form of self-protection that the typical bankrupt has never acquired. "Most of them have signed up for food-freezer plans and encyclopedias," says a busy trustee. "They are marks for all the door-to-door peddlers." With his income dissipated, our bankrupt falls behind on his rent and faces eviction. So he pays the landlord instead of the finance companies who threaten to seize his household effects.

The finance companies get together, prorate his debts and arrange a refinancing plan. He is told he can afford to pay off $20 a week. But he falls behind in payments and the li

continued on page 80



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nance companies garnishee his wages. He is fired from his job — the boss doesn't want to get involved. He goes to a small loan company and gets $150 on a chattel mortgage. He and his family pile into their 10-year old car and go to Montreal for a holiday. When they get home he gets the name of a bankruptcy trustee from a buddy who has taken a similar route. The trustee wants $500 — and he wants cash. Our bankrupt borrower to the end... gets it from an aunt of his wife's.

A loan shark is a rapacious fish that attacks people when they are beyond their financial depth
— Acton

One prime motive of most bankrupts is simply to end harassment by creditors especially finance companies and collection agencies. If debtors often regard credit grantors as sadistic bullies they sometimes have good cause. Fred Johnson, a Toronto businessman turned writer, found himself $20,000 in the hole in 1962 and decided to take the honorable way out. Within three years he had paid off more than half his debts. But he wrote: "I've spent the most miserable three years of my life being hounded, threatened and abused day and night by the creditors. I quixotically insisted [illegible] I should have gone bankrupt."

Almost free of debt today, Johnson says: "It was just my pride that kept me from going under — you're a sucker not to. The credit system does everything to drive a debtor crazy — or into bankruptcy. It got to be a kind of game with me. When the collection boys would call me in the middle of the night, I'd find out their home address from the city directory and start calling *them* at 3 a.m. There would be many more bankrupts if it weren't for the $500 it costs."

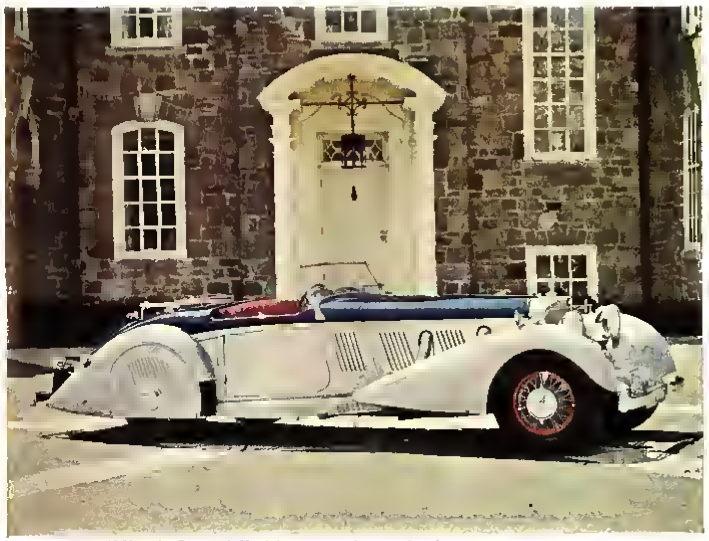
Jack S., a Toronto truck driver who went bankrupt last spring, borrowed $100 from his mother-in-law and raised the rest by selling a truck — "just before a collection agency was going to sue me for it." I felt pretty good about that," Jack S. and his family are currently living on welfare relief payments. "I guess I don't feel very good about going bankrupt," he says, "but I sure didn't mind — the [illegible] who were bugging me."

Arthur K. went bankrupt in June, because his Toronto hamburger stand languished when a nearby school closed for the summer. He owed $7,500 to about a dozen creditors. His bankruptcy trustee says, "We tried to talk him into hanging on until the fall. He could have — no one was pressing him. He said he didn't want to work there any more. We arranged for the business to be taken over by the carpenter who had built the stand. He was one of the many creditors. It's the trustee's responsibility to minimize creditors' losses. As for the bankrupt, when he comes in and gives us the problem, we don't know what the story is. If I hadn't taken his business, somebody else would have."

John G. descended the classic route of debt consolidation, wage garnishees, harassment and personal bankruptcy. "I don't feel guilty, just stupid," he says. "I should have gone bankrupt long ago."

Wilt thou seal up the avenues of ill? Pay every debt, as if God wrote the bill
— Ralph Waldo Emerson [1803-1882]

Although a minority of debtors and their creditors have a well-founded suspicion of each other, 90 percent of Canadian consumers will go on enjoying now and paying later, and the discipline involved will be self-imposed. Saul Baker, the president of Baker Finance Co. of Toronto, is impressed and often surprised by the conscientiousness of such people. And Baker, who is a bit of a philosopher, has come up with a definition of the best credit risks. "They are lovers of a value over and above themselves," he says. "For instance, there was a Japanese truck driver who worked for a cleaning company and he was a hell of a nut who made his own equipment, which he could have got from Philco for $200 cheaper, and he was into us for several hundred dollars for some accoustical components. Then he left us to head company and went to jail, and from jail he wrote us explaining very pragmatically what had happened to him, and he said he would pay us back when he could. I never doubted it. When this Japanese truck driver got out of jail he paid us off. You see, he was a lover of a kind of beauty. People like him are the best credit risks. They are why we don't have to worry too much about bankrupteies." ★



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MAN AND HIS MENOPAUSE

What to a woman is "change of life," to a man in his 40s is a time of agonized awakening: youth is gone, ambitions are unrealized. How he faces the crisis can determine how good can be the second-best years ahead

BY ALAN BRIEN

Is THERE SUCH a thing as the male menopause? Medically, the question may be nonsense. But in many men in their 40s this ailment of middle age is just as real and recognizable as the common cold and a good deal more disabling.

Everyone has heard about the symptoms in women — the healthy matron who retires to bed unbalanced by headache and hot flushes; the prosperous woman magistrate who goes shoplifting for rubbish she does not need; the tubby plain housewife who complains that the young wild ones are always making obscene propositions to her. It is a time when she quarrels with the neighbors she has known for 30 years; cannot find a hairdresser or a doctor or a shopkeeper who does not slight or neglect her; persecutes her husband and imagines herself persecuted by her children. That tightrope of conformity women uneasily walk so well suddenly becomes an intolerable knife edge and they tend to jump off to right or left, toward slutishness or fussiness, toward frigidity or randiness, toward being prequature grandmothers or malicious teenagers. They throw everything out or file everything away; join the church or enroll at night school. There seems to be a desire to defect from their previous orthodoxy, whatever it was, by denying the principles they once thought immutable and inviolable.

The male equivalent (which, since it often reveals itself as a crisis in potency, might perhaps to be called the wanscun pause) is not usually so dramatic and public. It may be that men are not as emotionally buoyed as women. They hesitate to throw a saddle on their feelings and ride off wherever the mount takes them. It may also be that men are more conscious of having to earn a living — the occupier is a bad risk to an employer. The middle-aged woman is reacting to the lifting of responsibility at home in housework, in child care, in keeping up appearances. The middle-aged man is reacting to the increasing weight of responsibility in work outside the home. A few do exhibit the Gauguin syndrome, abandoning both the nest and the hive to paint mosaic pieces, go native in foreign parts,

continued on page 82

PARADE

Ah, concentration!

An Ottawa bachelor was spending a pleasant evening by himself in his basement flat, lost in the total environment provided by his hi-fi set turned to maximum output. After a while he glanced up from his magazine just in time to see the wall in front of him collapse, revealing the outline of an old door that had been wallpapered over. Then the wallpaper dissolved before his eyes, the door burst open and down the hidden stairway came a torrent of water. Soon he was standing, stunned, in the hi-fi set and all the rest of his furniture awash in a foot of water and the lights out. Only then did he discover that the house above him had been on fire for half an hour, firemen had arrived with sirens screaming and had been pouring water on the blaze for a good 20 minutes.



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Suddenly, youthful dreams are gone. But don't panic—live

make fortunes by gambling or enter a conspiracy to change the world. Some hope to cheat time, to set back the running down clock of the body by sexual magic. They seek to rekindle the elixir of youth by stewing in the juices of a warm new bride. The man who made the mistake of marrying his mother at 25 tends to multiply the error by marrying his daughter at 45.

But most victims of the male menopause struggle to adjust themselves to inner lives of quiet desperation. They lie awake at nights trying to come to terms with their own mediocrity—and by definition the majority must always be mediocre. The really middling average, mean men soon accepts his situation halfway up the ladder. He counts the heads below rather than the feet above. It is the talented fellow with lading intimations of genius the connoisseur of unfulfilled dreams the hoarder of unacted impulses, the squanderer of unaccounted hours, who finds his 40s an age of disillusion. He sees himself at best as treading water on a river rushing to the weir.

When he was young, the horizon retreated before him and he could strike out on any compass bearing. All choices seemed possible simultaneously. Now the edge of the world gallops nearer with each day. The more territory he covers, the fewer choices of road are even imaginable. Freedom in Marx's terrifying phrase narrows down to "the recognition of necessity." At the peak of power influence affluence and foresight he sometimes rises temporarily into the air like a helicopter for a quick eagle's-eye view of the terrain—this path leads to a ravine that to a swamp the other to a cosy cul de sac. And his rival travelers are converging upon an unlit intersection where many will crash and collide. As the vision vanishes he tries to jot down the information he has obtained. But back on the ground he finds it difficult to distinguish between what he saw and what he wants to believe he saw.

Lumber to the wolves

Like the Russian driver of the overloaded sleigh menopausal man begins to throw to the wolves the ambitious lumber of yesteryear. He forces himself to admit that he will never quietly as a judo black belt never speak Italian like a native never write a novel that is both successful and admirable never seduce his favourite film star never drive like Stirling Moss or dance like Gene Kelly never punch the beach bully on the nose never make the cover of *Time* magazine. As the snow grows thicker and the horses more tired he begins to wonder whether he will even achieve an approximation to these early fantasies. A third of the way to success in his chosen field he cannot forget that over half his time is spent.

Menopausal man has to accept that he is growing older that the child of a girl he mistakes for a colleague's daughter is married and has two children that he will earn in a lifetime only slightly more than his favorite TV personality makes in a year. Menopausal man should resist throwing in the towel humming to himself "Where the hormones there moan I Oe a doctor's couch I lie." Youth lives on fantasy old age on memory in middle age comes the first cold refreshing douche of reality. At last we know what we can do and no one knows better the most efficient economical way of doing it. The young may never survive to reach our plateau. The old cannot return for a second try. Let us make the best of what the others haven't got.

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Small, durable, adaptable—could Kokanee beat the odds?

clearing the forests to make farms. The runoff from bare fields silted up the streams washed in manure which polluted the water. Shallow unsheltered water became warmer than of old. All those changes added up to an environment the salmon couldn't take. (After hatching Atlantic salmon spend a considerable time in their birth stream before making for deep water.)

Several attempts were made through the years to plant salmon both Atlantic and Pacific in the Great Lakes. All failed. But on February 17 1964 something happened that may well change the natural history of the Great Lakes and make a lot of anglers — and tourist bureaus — happy.

What happened was that K. H. Loftus supervisor of fisheries research of Ontario's Lands and Forests Department handed Frank Maher a stack of reports the department had gathered on the suitability of various fish for stocking in the Great Lakes. The reports were part of a program aimed at improving fishing in general and countering the devastating depredation of the lamprey eel in particular.

"Tell me what you think," said Loftus. "The Kokanee looks particularly interesting and we've already discussed it and done some work on it."

How did they get there?

It was Maher's first day on the job as an Ontario government fish biologist. Maher is a Toronto man who went to British Columbia in 1950 for a year's study and had stayed 14 years, ending up as biologist in charge of the management and protection division of the BC Fish and Wildlife Department before returning home.

Maher knew a good deal about the Kokanee, a strange little landlocked fish which is really a sockeye salmon the kind that is most desired and most expensive of all salmon when it comes in a can.

Kokanee had been planted in many inland lakes of British Columbia far removed from its lordly sea-run sockeye brothers, but before man took a hand the Kokanee were in some BC inland lakes. There are several theories about how this happened. Perhaps years ago Indians practised primitive fish transplanting by carrying sockeye fry from the Columbia River to landlocked lakes perhaps from time to time a few little eggs clung to a herring-gull's legs and were dropped in a Kootenay lake. In any event the exiled sockeye instinctively continued its traditional way of life to the best of its ability like an Englishman who dresses for dinner in the depth of an African jungle.

Like its sockeye ancestors it became bright red humped and beaked at spawning time. But because, it was confined to much smaller waters than the vast Pacific and had to subsist on a largely vegetarian diet of plankton, it became a mini-sockeye often no more than eight inches long at its maturity age of four years.

But Maher knew it had developed some compensatory habits. It did not require the long stream life of other salmon. Very soon after it emerged from the egg it scooted for the deep cool water. Some Kokanee would even un-salmonlike spawn on lake-shore reefs and shoals, and thus be independent of stream conditions.

Maher continued what he knew about the Kokanee with what he knew about the Great Lakes and reported to Loftus, "Let's try Kokanee."

The Ontario fish research people brought millions of little Kokanee eggs from British Columbia, where the

PARADE

Red light a-go go

Thinking about something else a woman drove right through a red light on Regina's 11th Ave. She came to with a start and braked in a last stop on the other side of the intersection then guiltily backed across against the same red light to wait for a green.

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FROM MORE OF CANADA TO MORE OF EUROPE.

AIR CANADA



fish are stream spawners, and from Montana, Colorado and Washington, where Kokanee specialize in reef and shoal spawning, and planted them in dozens of places in Georgian Bay, Manitoulin Island, the Bay of Quinte and in two Lake Ontario streams that may have been chosen for almost sentimental reasons. Shelter Valley Creek and Wilmot Creek ancient records showed were great salmon breeding grounds in the heyday of the Great Lakes salmon.

This was in the autumn of 1964. Maher and his colleagues sat back to wait, not too confidently, for the fall of 1968 when, if any survived the first four-year-old Kokanee might return to their birth streams to spawn.

They accepted the possibility that none might return. There were so many imponderables. In the western lakes, Kokanee competed with 70 other species of fish. In the Great Lakes they would have to learn of life with 200 species, including the devastating lamprey. Great Lakes waters were layered deeper and colder than their home waters.

So when less than two years later that 15-inch Kokanee turned up, the fish researchers found themselves in the position of a doctor faced with a highly premature birth.

Actually, it wasn't a total surprise. Research during those two years had revealed a strange fact: the land-locked sockeye of British Columbia, largely restricted to a comparatively Spartan vegetarian diet of plankton, had shrunk to as little as eight inches at maturity. But in the Great Lakes they had become meat eaters; they were feasting on the fry of alewives, a trash fish that had proliferated in the Great Lakes at the expense of more desirable species. Maher believes that the Great Lakes Kokanee might well grow to the size of their sea-going brothers — up to five pounds or more. What's more, they seem to be immune to the attack of lamprey.

The third year run of Kokanee is due to begin any day now. Frank Maher, ever enthusiastic but cautious scientist still has his fingers crossed.

"But from what we have seen so far," he says, "there's a good chance that a whole new era of sport fishing — and even commercial fishing — has been brought to the Great Lakes. ★

MACLEAN'S



"Some days I get to thinking that when you've seen one bird you've seen them all."

RUSSIA FROM TIP TO TIP

How to see the USSR, scattering nylons, Centennial pins and ball-points behind you

BY HOWARD ROSS

Howard Ross is Chancellor of McGill University and a partner in the firm of Touche, Ross, Bailey & Smart, chartered accountants. With other Canadian business leaders, he visited Russia this summer on a businessman's tour.

I WENT ON AN eight-day trip to Russia with 100 fellow citizens, described as "prominent Canadian businessmen," in connection with the inauguration of Air Canada's new service from Montreal to Moscow. We had a marvelous time. Everyone asks for impressions — but it is not easy to sort out impressions from the confusion and excitement of traveling 13,000 miles in eight days through totally unfamiliar country without knowing the language. It would even help to understand the alphabet, so that one could read signs.

It's shocking that we know and understand so little about one of the most powerful nations, with a population of a couple of hundred million and competence in modern explosives. It would be ludicrous to attempt to compare the Russian way of life with ours or assess our relative economic potentials, after such a brief exposure to the country. But surely we should start to demolish the terrible barriers to communication between us. And one way to do this is to encourage more Canadians to visit Russia.

Our group's experience can hardly have developed many experts on Russia, but it certainly proved that a trip in Russia can be a real challenge experience. Travel conditions, while not as comfortable as those we have become accustomed to on this continent, are quite satisfactory to anyone except the types (why on earth do they travel anyway?) who complain if they do not find everything abroad exactly the same as at home.

Travel in Russia is still not so commonplace, but you soon find out the pre-arranged tour that enough Canadians have been there for a certain mystique in knowing how to have developed, and you get quite a bit of free advice.

An intriguing subject is tipping. Everyone seemed to give this a high priority. It caused me more trouble than any other aspect of the trip. Everyone said that tipping was not done, that Russians would be offended. The thing to do was to take a supply of small gifts. As these were "acceptable and appreciated" for little services. There was marked agreement on what to select as gifts — ballpoints, but it seemed to me that so generally proposed that it never occurred to me to question it. So I went out and dutifully provided my-

Endurance like this

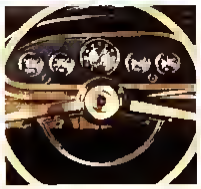


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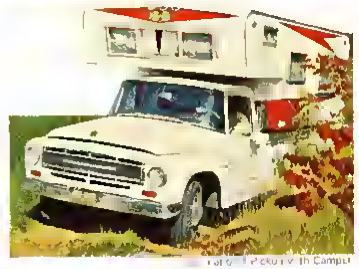
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self with a supply of ball-point pens, nylon stockings, Centennial maple-leaf lapel badges and chewing gum.

I am a shy and I suppose oversensitive type. Even purchasing these things caused me some embarrassment. The lapel badges were relatively easy. I had only to remember when dealing with the salesgirl to try to look like a Scotchmaster buying awards for his troop's annual hobby show. I took a bit like a Scotchmaster anyway—the role was simple one.

The ball-points were tougher. It is difficult to know what you should try to look like when ordering a dozen of the cheapest ball points. I decided to brazen it out. "Let her think what she will." I muttered as I stepped up to the salesgirl and put it over with.

The stockings were quite another matter. It dawned on me that I could be seriously involved in questions of quality and size. I discarded the obvious course of just asking for a dozen pairs of the cheapest stockings in mixed sizes. This could only lead to unpleasantness of some sort. Calculating a rough average price from the newspaper ads, I convinced myself that nice girls could be expected to wear stockings at a dollar a pair, and the ample word "medium" would do for size. As it turned out the stockings purchase went quite well. I suppose one is sustained by some suggestion of glamour in the thought of being discovered in the stockings and lingerie department.

The really tough problem was the gum. I hope all those in the gum trade will forgive me for saying that this is not my favourite amusement. Not being a practitioner myself, I had got an impression from watching others that a stick of gum lasts almost forever, and I calculated that a dozen packages must represent about two years supply for even the most dedicated chewer. "I'm going to Russia," I finally explained, taking the chance that this might get me involved in prolonged explanations. It did not. The girl at the counter raised her eyebrows in a polite and noncommittal manner and handed over the gum.

Buying these supplies turned out to be simpler than disposing of them. Here again the lapel badges were easiest. Russians love these little ornaments. It was not too difficult to locate a receptive and peaceful looking native already wearing a dozen or so badges. Then it was simply a matter of stepping up to him with the most disarming smile I could muster and pinning the Canadian maple leaf on him—making sure only to move along briskly before he could recover from his surprise and pin one of his badges on me. Fortunately the maple-leaf emblem seems to have an unhappy ideological connotation in Russia.

How many ball points a day?

The gum goes to groups of rather tiresome little boys who lurk around hotel entrances and ask for it. No great problem but you cannot help wondering what you are supposed to be promoting by encouraging this sort of thing.

The purpose of the gifts was to show appreciation for services rendered. It was hard to tell whether they accomplished this or not. I got my first opportunity to dispose of a pen to the porter who brought my bags up at the Hotel Russia in Moscow. He smiled broadly enough and at first I took this to indicate appreciation but then I began to wonder. The Hotel Russia is so new that they are still building it. It will be the largest hotel in Europe with 5,000 rooms. (Incidentally with a neat bit of one-upmanship the Russians rate their hotels by number of beds not number of rooms with the result that tourists are apt to come home and report that the Hotel Russia has 6,000 rooms.) Although the hotel was not completed it was sufficiently in operation for the enormous lobby to be full of tourists and I could not help wondering at the collection of ball points a porter must accumulate daily.

The first visitor who thought of giving a Russian porter a ball point pen had a fine imaginative idea. What a fine imaginative idea" people no doubt said as they made a mental note to do this themselves. But with the big planes arriving every few minutes each carrying 100 passengers or so, all loaded to the gills with 10-cent gift pens — well it does take the top off it a bit, doesn't it?

(Incidentally if you will step over here where Big Brother cannot hear us, I can assure you that at least some Russians are not offended by tips in cash.)

What with the rapid time changes and all the confusion of arriving in a strange country and getting "impressions" in a conscientious manner, I had rather deferred thinking about the matter of nylon stockings. The subject came up a few days after our arrival in a conversation with a fellow traveler over a quiet drink.

"Have you realized," he asked, "what it will do to your standing around the home if you come back and have to admit you were not able to work up the nerve to give anyone the stockings?"

This did not seem to me to be any problem. If worst came to worst, I pointed out, one could always leave them in the hotel room when checking out.

He was not impressed. "That's a fine idea! And have some maid come running up to the bus as it stands outside the hotel waving them in the air and saying you left them behind."

While this might be embarrassing, I pointed out one could at least get rid of a couple of ball points as a tip for honesty. My friend brightened at the mention of ball points. "I had no trouble getting rid of them. I just gave one to the elevator girl each time I got in," he explained.

"I never took the elevator," I told him. "I always found it quicker to walk."

"That's all very well for you," he replied, "you were only on the fifth floor."

Speaking of elevators this brings up the great riddle that strikes everyone who visits Russia: how can they do some things so superbly well and other things so miserably badly? Their feats in outer space speak for themselves. They have built the finest subway in the world with 75 stations—many of them underground palaces full of statuary, mosaics and other art work—and extraordinarily clean, fast, efficient trains. But if they can do such wonderful things, why can't they install a reasonably decent elevator system in a new hotel obviously built to impress visitors? The elevators in the Hotel Russia are inadequate, slow, erratic. In another brand-new hotel, this one at the Black Sea resort of Sochi, the elevators are even slower and less adequate and are equipped with doors that swing inward, making it impossible to open or close them when the elevator is more than half full.

These contrasts between the extremes of efficiency and inefficiency seem to run through the whole picture. We saw a Rimsky Korsakov opera, *Tzar Saltan*, at the Congress Palace in the Kremlin — a hall as big as Montreal's Place des Arts and twice as large. It was perhaps the most exciting musical experience I have ever had—a cast of 200 with virtually a full symphony orchestra in accompaniment and the most elaborate and beautiful staging. There were split-second scene changes with masterful stage management which would have been impossible without the smoothest running organization. And yet, at the very best hotels they do not seem able to serve a simple, badly cooked breakfast in less than an hour and a half, or keep the basin plumbing in order. These strange contrasts are hard to explain. My guess is that the Russians do anything well they really want to do.

The wonderful way we get looked after when traveling about in Canada is a great credit to our hotel system, and I would probably be as quick as anyone to be indignant if I got into a hotel where the plumbing did not work. But bad versus good plumbing is not a profound ideological issue and many of those who are most insistent on their creature comforts when staying in a hotel, cheerfully admit their happiest hours are spent at summer homes or fishing camps where there is no plumbing at all.

In spite of oddly inferior plumbing and by and large disappointing food



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"We build roads for cars to run on—then we build cars"

the overwhelming impression I had (braced as I was for a tremendous experience) was one of pervading familiarity. The early morning bustle from the Moscow airport on arrival was a bit unlike a Canadian business rush—but not more different than a similar rush through the suburbs of say London or Paris. A city of the popular new seaside resort of Sochi was pretty much like a day at a seaside resort anywhere. I am not a perceptive or trained observer in the clothing line but there was nothing in the way the holiday crowds dressed that struck me as different from home. I'm miles the beaches were covered by a bikini and trunk-clad horde.

We had only fleeting opportunities to collect serious impressions of Russia's economic development. Most of us of my vintage conditioned in our formative years by the propaganda and counter propaganda that has followed the Russian Revolution still have some lurking notion that the Soviet system may break down. I suppose this is always a possibility, but we certainly saw nothing that would make it more likely than the breakdown of our own system which, after all, from time to time behaves in a way that might gladden the heart of an unfriendly foreign power.

The minister of foreign trade met us and put on a classic performance. He spoke for some 40 minutes without notes, and then answered questions. He started by saying he was always glad to meet businessmen from abroad. The previous day he had met a delegation of 100 businessmen from Sweden, of whom 98 wanted to sell Russia something and two wanted to buy. "This was of course not a typical delegation," he explained "usually *everyone* wants to sell." He went on to emphasize that the wheat deal had completely unbalanced Canada-Russian trade and if wheat purchases were to continue Canada would have to find something to buy from the Soviets. It's not going to be easy because our economies lead to be parallel rather than complementary.

The theme of the minister's remarks was that economic development was strictly a matter of priorities. He discussed many difficulties and mistakes with every appearance of candor. The first problem was to develop power—water power, oil, coal, gas etc.—and this was concentrated on first. Next came heavy industry, then communications. Increasing the supply of consumer goods is still far down the road.

Speaking of roads, he fielded neatly a question about Russia's sluggish automobile production. It is our unsophisticated notion," he said, "that before increasing automobile production we should build some roads for them to run on. I understand in North America you have adopted the opposite approach: that you build the cars, run them into an enormous traffic jam, and then start to think of a highway program. We are going to try it our way. We have not got around seriously to roads yet, but they are on the list as to what we think is the proper order of priority, and we will start on them soon. Automobiles are on the list, too, to be tackled after the road system has been developed."

As far as firsthand impressions go—it is hard to get any. Talking through an interpreter is no way of having good heart to heart conversations. Our tour was organized and run by the government's Intourist agency, as all tours are. This enormously competent organization supplies guides who are beautifully trained, beautifully at home in English—and, frequently, also beautiful. They and it go around in groups, arranged shopping, presided over meals, answered questions, handled complaints and generally shepherded us through all difficulties. When recounting some incident from the Revolution that reflected credit on the revolutionaries and some discredit on the Czarist side, they would sometimes end up with a totally disarming remark such as: "And that gentleman is your Soviet propaganda for the day."

As a matter of fact, there was nothing in the description of events we got from our guides that was in conflict with the scraps of history I was able to read during a short preparatory period in our standard texts. It seemed to me they speak of Russian history in much the same way as we speak of our own with reasonable detachment.

The mice and I

One very strong impression that anyone must get from even the shortest of visits is the profound love Russians have for art treasures. We had only time to stroll through a couple of the larger museums, but the accumulation of jeweled thrones and vestments, armor, saddle trappings, royal coaches, weapons, tapestries and so on was breathtaking. One museum in the Kremlin had enough accumulated treasure to stock several dozen first-class museums. When we went through it it was crowded and we were assured this was not a special occasion but simply a typical day.

The Hermitage in Leningrad is surely the most fascinating art gallery in the world. As it now stands it is a meandering collection of buildings put up at various periods connected by a labyrinth of passages that makes it impossible to find one's way out if one gets separated from the guide—as of course we were warned. The name "Hermitage" derives from the fact that Catherine the Great built the first and as a private museum for herself. ("No one but the mice and I shall see these treasures," she is supposed to have said.) One famous collection after another has been purchased over the past 150 years and added to the museum. We were told that when Russia entered World War II one of the first jobs tackled was to move one and a half million art treasures from the Hermitage for safekeeping. Heavy statues were buried and paintings were removed beyond the Urals for storage. This would seem an interesting example of the priorities in the Russian system as in those days there must have been many emergency problems that might

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Try understanding—it isn't pro-Russian, it's pro-survival

seem more important than protecting works of art.

In any event, the move was providential. Leningrad was under siege by the Nazis for almost three years during which time it was continuously bombed and shelled. Estimates of civilian casualties from attack and starvation range from 600,000 to a million. However, after the war the city was rebuilt and now shows practically no scars from its terrible ordeal. When we visited it much scaffolding was up, ruining its public buildings, in the final stages of a clean-up for the 50th anniversary of the Revolution in November. Yet the beauty of the city shone through the scaffolding, and it is easy to believe, as so many say, that Leningrad is one of the world's loveliest cities.

One of the conclusive proofs of a genuine love of art treasures is the fact that such in enormous quantity of them have been cherished and cared for over a period of recurring financial crises when so many of the treasures of the past from other parts of Europe were being sold to wealthy American collectors. There must have been many occasions when selling Old Masters to solve foreign exchange problems was very tempting.

The final impression from a short visit is a realization of the enormous communications barrier we have to overcome if we are ever to understand the Russians. It is not only the blank wall of a foreign and unfamiliar language but the heritage of suspicion and mistrust more or less deliberately cultivated by both sides on the assumption that we find selected ways of life not only fundamentally different but that can never peacefully co-exist. This could eventually prove to be true, but as neither side shows any disposition to change to the other's system and as we both have the bomb it is probably better to assume that we can each go our own way without a final showdown. In making this assumption we can at least be encouraged by the many examples in history where countries that appeared to have completely irreconcilable ideologies still found they could settle down and live peacefully side by side, without either surrendering its chosen philosophy. An excellent example of this is provided by British-French relations after the French Revolution. In England the word "republican" had at first as disturbing implications as "Communism" has now, whereas in France after a series of revolutions and counter-revolutions the only good monarchist was supposed to be a dead one. Yet today, while there are still tensions between the two countries no one would expect they could go to war with each other over the most archaic principle.

Most of those who know something about Russia seem to agree that Russians fear the United States in very much the same way as Americans fear them. "Did you find the Russians friendly?" is a prevalent question for the returning visitor—asked with at least a twinge of uneasiness. Well, it is a natural enough question but, if you think about it a bit, also rather silly. How friendly would our reception of a group of American tourists be if

- no American newspapers or magazines were allowed to enter Canada except Canadian money (and assume also that our best liquor was in these US Dollar Bars) and the only good quality merchandise available was in the stores we were not allowed to trade in)
- whenever an American tourist saw a building crane standing idle he pointed it out to all and sundry with a gleeful guffaw;
- when a Canadian tourist guide showed some indication of affection for the present political regime in this country he (or she) was greeted with more or less open ribaldry because we had adhered to the monarchical-parliamentary form of government from which the Americans rebelled;
- the American tourist's only notion of creating goodwill and showing appreciation was to hand people gum or ball point pens?

Without any of these encouragements to misunderstanding, we have already a fairly vocal anti-American-ism in existence here. It is probably as mild a movement as could possibly exist between neighboring countries but it is at least a reminder of what the North American continent and the Russians are up against in learning to understand each other.

In the emotional context in which these matters get discussed, even to suggest that we should try to understand each other is likely to be considered pro-Russian. This is rubbish. It is simply pro-survival. To say we should understand the Russian system is not to say it is a good system. At even the most casual view it is not a good system for us. The suppression of news and the constant harping on ideological dialogue is something entirely foreign to a people brought up in our traditions which with all their shortcomings, are incomparably more liberal.

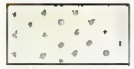
WHEN WE LEFT our Moscow hotel I still had three packages of gum and two ball-points. I figured I had spent a good deal of precious time in disposing of the rest of my presents, and I was determined to get the balance over with. There was an hour to go before our bus left but my luggage was packed and gone and I had decided to go for a final walk. Feeling about as foolish as I have ever felt, I left the gum and ball-points on the bureau. I tried scattering them about casually and also piling them in a neat little pyramid — I forget how I finally decided they looked least ridiculous.

Unfortunately a sudden rainstorm cut short my walk and I made an unplanned return to my room as a convenient spot to read my paperback. The gum and ball-points were gone but a few moments later there was a knock at my door and a well dressed woman who I suppose was the manageress, appeared to ask in faultless English whether gum and pens were a present or whether I had returned to get them. She explained that the maid had consulted her and that she had assured her they must be a present. Was she incorrect?

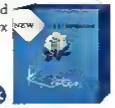
"No" I said miserably "you were quite correct. They were meant to show appreciation. ★



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LAURIER LAPIERRE

continued from page 19

in 1929 — just in time for the Great Depression.

His childhood memories are of extreme poverty, such as the day the bailiff took away their furniture and he and his brothers had to go around with a small cart and borrow some from their numerous relatives. He remembers, too, the day his father lost an eye working for the provincial government as a tractor driver on the bank country roads of rural Quebec.

After that accident the family moved to Sherbrooke where the father got a job in a factory. His work consisted of flattening out pieces of rubber between two large rollers and in the course of this labor he lost most of his fingers, one by one, on both hands. (The safety instructions, which were, naturally anyway, were all printed in English, which the work force couldn't read.) Nevertheless, he continued to work and support his large family: five children surviving of the seven born. His wife helped by running a boarding house and lunch room, where she served about 100 shift workers each day from a nearby textile factory.

Magic moment

Conscious of his own linguistic difficulties, Lionel LaPierre was resolved that his children should learn English. At 13, when he had finished elementary school in French, young Laurier was sent to St. Patrick's Academy in Sherbrooke, where for six months he lived in a misery he has never forgotten. He knew nobody in the school and he could not understand a word the teachers were saying. Each day at lunch time he came home in tears telling his mother he wouldn't go back. Each day she took the time, while serving lunch to 100-odd men, not only to hear her son but to comfort him and send him off to school again.

Finally, quite the magic moment when the boy understood for the first time something the teacher said to him. "If I'd been grown up I suppose I'd have gone out and got drunk or something. At 13 all I could do was to dance and I danced all the way home shouting and singing. I understood. I understood." He still, of course, couldn't read English very well, but he developed a curiosity liking for the mysteries of English grammar and with that plus his general aptitude he became a good student.

St. Patrick's Academy would have been the end of young LaPierre's education had he not, in adolescence, discovered a vocation: reading for the priesthood. It took him through a course at St. Charles College in Baltimore, Maryland. He finished his way through the last two years of Arts at St. Michael's College, University of Toronto, then an MA and PhD by taking part-time jobs during term, summer employment and a full year of work in a Sherbrooke factory.

His father, of course, could give him no help financially — it was enough that he was allowed to go to school and college at all, instead of going to work at 13 to help support the family. "I remember once writing to my father to say I had no money. Father couldn't write without great difficulty, because he had no fingers, but somehow he made a fist and wrote on a letter in which he sent five dollars. For him that meant his entire bear allowance for two weeks."

With memories like these it is not surprising that LaPierre became a militant member of the party that is, he believes, "the party of change." That's his definition of the Left in politics — the willingness to accept and welcome change as opposed to the resolute immobilism of older parties, and older men in all parties. Therefore he sees no contradiction in the fact that he was formerly a Liberal, and is — because there is no provincial NDP party — still a member in good standing of the provincial Liberal Party in Quebec. He looks back on the victory of Jean Lesage and the Liberals in 1960 as a moment of triumph and emancipation.

"To the man of my generation, Jean Lesage's Quiet Revolution meant the liberation of Quebec — liberation not from *his anglais* but from a moribund past and a static environment. It made us alive. It made us free again, not so much from *les anglais* as from the parasitic existence of most of our people harnessed as we were by the professional and clerical elite."

So when members of the Quebec elite sneer at his French, LaPierre is more defiant than apologetic. He admits somewhat grudgingly that he is working to improve it and should perhaps be doing more along this line, but he still insists it is he and not the élite from the *collèges classiques* who speaks the language spoken by the ordinary folk of Quebec. If that is not good French, whose fault is it?

However, LaPierre is defiant of the French Canadiens only when he is among them. Among the English he is defiant of the English, a militant defender of French Canadian rights. And in this field even more than in others he has paid the penalty of his guilt for vivid extemporaneous speech in either language.

About a year ago he was invited to speak to a teachers' conference in Estevan, Saskatchewan, for which he prepared a set of impeccably conventional notes. The notes would have taken no more than 35 minutes to deliver at most. LaPierre spoke for an hour, then answered questions for another hour. According to the horrified Regina *Leader Post*, he said among other things that he'd prefer an independent Quebec tomorrow by bloodshed if necessary to a continuation of the second-class citizenship French Canadians have endured for 200 years.

To this seditious heresy the *Leader Post*'s reaction was thunderous wrath. LaPierre's two hour diatribe had amply confirmed the soundness of the CBC's decision to drop the *Seven Days* program. Other nominees in English were in the same vein. (Only the Halifax *Chronicle Herald* treated the incident lightly. "What happened to Laurier," it asked, "A poor pea speech chunkee and-pea dinner?")

Rather naively wounded by the criticism, LaPierre wrote to the editor of the *Leader Post*. He obviously was not sure exactly what he had said but he rehashed the minor for your apparent failure to discuss the content and academic value of some ideas I did express" — *i.e.*, the impeccable notes — and for focusing instead on "remarks that were made more in jest than with perversity or cunning."

But meanwhile another Saskatchewan critic, L. V. Nimks, then president of the Saskatchewan School Trustees' Association in a prepared statement put his finger on the heart of the problem that LaPierre presents — not only to the Establishments of both English and French Canada, but even to the NDP. Nimks professed himself "not unduly concerned with LaPierre's scurrilous remark that school trustees are sound parasites." What bothered him was the applause that LaPierre's heresy had drawn from Saskatchewan teachers. "It is difficult to understand how teachers in this province would give a standing ovation in a two hour attack on our democratic institutions," as, he implied, by school trustees. Disapproval should have been expressed by the teachers themselves at the time.

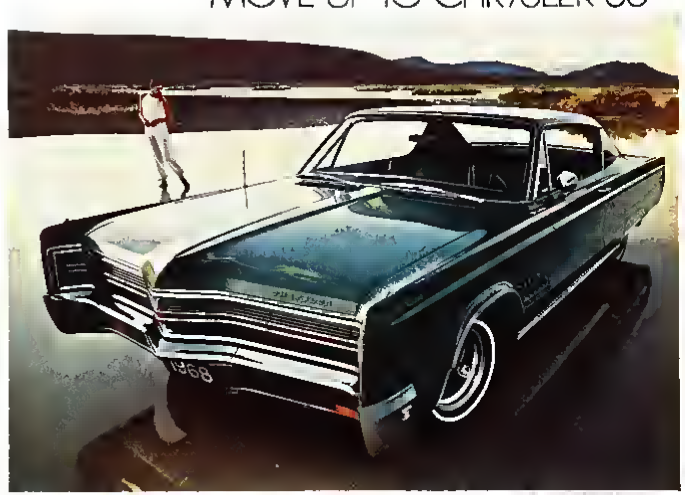
There is the problem in a nutshell. Bad enough that this dangerous fellow should go about insulting people making enemies for himself, his profession and his party. But the disquieting thing is that other folk, who ought to know better, initially applaud him.

For a political party this raises two difficult questions. Do the people who applaud outnumber the people who

continued on page 95

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Do his supporters have as long memories as his critics?

are infuriated? And even more important, will those who applaud remember their approval as long and as clearly as the furious remember their fury?

Outwardly at least, the NDP seems either to be content with the answers, or to have ignored the questions. LaPierre may be the most glamorous but he is not within the party the most prominent or influential of a group of young dust-disturbers who are determined to make the NDP the party of youth and the party of change.

Stephen Lewis, the 29-year-old member of the Ontario Legislature for Toronto-Scarborough West, would probably be accepted as the leader of the group, though, of course, no such formal post exists. Even before he had become an MLA at the age of 25, indeed before he was old enough to vote, Lewis had become a specialist in political technique. He himself says the idea originated with Kenneth Bryden, deputy leader of the NDP in the Ontario House, but most New Democrats credit Lewis with perfecting the method of "saturation canvassing" and campaign-in-depth that has scored at least three upset victories for the NDP in recent by-elections. He ran the campaign by which James Renwick beat Charles Templeton in Toronto Riverdale, a signal triumph over the provincial Liberals. Then he helped Max Saltsman win the federal riding of Waterloo South, supposedly an impregnable Conservative stronghold. Most recently his brother Michael, who at 21 is too young ever to have cast a vote himself, used the same technique to woo for Bud Germa of the NDP the federal Liberal fortress of Sudbury, Ontario. (The Lewis brothers are sons of David Lewis, MP for York South and deputy leader of the NDP in the House of Commons.)

James Renwick at 49 is perhaps a bit overage for the NDP's younger set, but he qualifies as an energetic and dedicated newcomer to the party. Renwick became a New Democrat by a process of elimination. Because he was fed up with the entrenched Liberals, he volunteered his services to George Drew's Conservatives in 1953 (he worked for candidate Roy Thomson, who has since become a member of another, more ancient house of parliament) and he remained an active Conservative until after the Diefenbaker victory of 1958. Then, disillusioned with the Conservatives, he accepted an invitation to the Liberal policy conference at Kingston in 1960. The conference prevented him from developing any illusions about the Liberals. The by-election that made him an NDP member of the Ontario Legislature came in 1964.

Going into politics was a big financial sacrifice for Renwick, who was a thriving Toronto lawyer. One of his partners was that eminent Conservative, the Right Hon. Roland Michener, now Governor General of Canada. Another was Senator Daniel Lang, a stalwart of the Liberals. The firm does well in all political weather. Renwick felt it to become a full-time MLA with an $8,000 salary and a $3,000 expense account. This may be one reason why the younger New Democrats accepted him as one of themselves and put him forward as the "youth" candidate for national president of the NDP. He ran against 70-year-old J. H. Brockelbank, a former minister in Saskatchewan and the candidate of the NDP's Establishment. Renwick won by a decisive majority.

Allied with the young Ontarians was a group of young New Democrats from Quebec of whom the de facto leader is not Lanner LaPierre (even though he was elected a vice-president of the party) but Charles Taylor, an associate professor of political science at McGill and of philosophy at the University of Montreal. Taylor is 35, a three-times defeated candidate in Montreal-Mount Royal who has high hopes of winning next time in the new constituency of Dollard (no longer, he thinks, the safe Liberal seat that used to bear the same name and elect Guy Rouleau as its member). Despite his English name, Taylor is the grandson of one Senator Beaubien and the nephew of another (both Liberals of course). Like his



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LAURIER LAPIERRE *continued*

English know him—but do the French?

friend and political opponent Pierre Elliott Trudeau he speaks both languages, not just fluently but impeccably.

To call Taylor the leader of the young NDP in Quebec is not to imply disloyalty to Robert Cliche, the official party leader in *La Belle Province*. Like most Quebec members of the NDP Cliche is an ex-Liberal, and he left for reasons similar to those that drove his juniors out. But Cliche at 46 is not a natural member of the younger set, and his personal and family roots are in rural Beauce County and in Quebec City. He will contest a Montreal riding at the next election but this merely proves an important point that in Quebec the NDP exists on the Island of Montreal and nowhere else. The young New Democrats of Montreal cheerfully accept Cliche as their party leader, but that doesn't make him a Montrealer, and they are essentially a Montreal group.

A new and vitriol member of the Montreal group is Dr. Denis Lazure, past president of the Canadian Psychiatric Association, who until last year was a member of the political committee of the federal Liberal Party in Quebec. Dr. Lazure, who is 41, left his Liberal office soon enough to run against the Liberal candidate in Outremont-St. Jean in a by-election last May, where he racked up an unprecedented 45 percent of the votes cast in what was supposed to be an impregnable Liberal seat. Charles Taylor still burns with exasperation that the NDP's political experts moved into Outremont too late to give the full benefit of Stephen Lewis's experience. He is convinced the NDP could have won Outremont-St. Jean in May, though by no means convinced that it can ever do so again. (By accident or design the Conservatives ran no candidate against the Liberal in the by-election.)

Closely associated with these young New Democrats is C. G. Gifford, NDP candidate in Notre-Dame-de-Grace in the last two elections. Gifford is 48, and though he has worked hard to improve his French, he would not yet call himself fully bilingual. So it is an irony of sorts that he has the best chance, on present form, of being the first NDP or CCF member ever elected to parliament from the Province of Quebec.

Gifford in 1963 ran a poor third in NDG, getting only 7,141 votes to 30,532 for Liberal Edmund Asselin. By 1965 he had doubled his former total, drawing 14,071 votes and moving into second place, 3,136 ahead of the Conservative candidate and only 3,725 behind the Liberal winner. But this was on the old boundaries. Since redistribution, NDG has shrunk to a more normal size. And if all its voters made the same choice tomorrow as they did in 1965, Gifford would come within 600 votes of victory.

This was with a strong Conservative candidate in the field, ex-MP Egan Chambers (who, by an ironic coincidence, is Charles Taylor's brother-in-law). It is by no means certain that Chambers will run again, or that he will choose this riding if he does run. If some nameless, faceless new Tory is the only alternative to a sitting Liberal, Gifford's chances the next time around should be considerably better.

In any case, win or lose, Gifford is a close comrade-in-arms of the young New Democrats of Montreal Island. Into this few, this happy few, Laurier LaPierre came last year as a bit of an interloper. He had after all been a Liberal as late as 1965. His true political faith was known to nobody, perhaps not even to himself, at that stage. As a television star he had immense popularity with English-speaking viewers across Canada, but how much good would that do him in a new, largely French-speaking riding on the island of Montreal?

It is still too soon for anyone, and least of all for an English Canadian, to answer that question with any assurance. So far, although the NDP has used LaPierre extensively as a speaker — about 30 public meetings between October and the end of May — he has operated mainly in the English-speaking provinces.

Meanwhile, he continues to engage, in all kinds of other activities, relevant or not. Recently he went with his whole family (wife and two small sons) to Prince Edward Island to help, of all things, judge in a beauty contest. Critics say he is spreading himself too thin. Friends say he is making himself better known. Maybe both are right.

In any case, for better and for worse, Laurier LaPierre is part — not the most important but by no means unimportant — of the NDP's attempt at a double breakthrough. To achieve truly national stature the party must win new support in two major areas — among the young, and among French Canadians. LaPierre is an unchallengeable member of both groups. If either attempt succeeds, he will deserve a share of the credit. ★

PARADE

Boy-cott

You never know what somebody's going to start protesting next, but Calgarians should at least be prepared for the placards that will unfailingly be brandished by the next demonstrators they encounter, thanks to this personal ad in the Calgary *Herald*:

"Boy Haters Club. Join now. Monthly bulletins. Qualifications, must hate boys with good reason. Write Judy and Diane at Box H1240. *Herald*."

BRUCE HUTCHISON *continued from page 15*

"This wealth man can acquire only with hands and senses"

Perhaps some things of value can be bought with money but by the time you have the money to buy them, it is usually too late for their enjoyment. I have known numerous millionaires, among them several fine men uncorrupted by money yet few were happy and fewer even healthy. The fable of King Midas tells an awful and everlasting verity.

Any man who lacks the golden touch may speak disparagingly of wealth out of mere envy, as perhaps I do. Yet any man with average intelligence and luck should have amassed in his age a store of secret values that no one else sees or wants.

My own wealth if I must tell the truth for once is much larger than the tax officials suppose. The unlisted income from the forest, the capital gains of massive woodpiles well concealed near the swamp and thriftily hedged against inflation, the unearned increment of a vegetable garden enriched annually with manure from my neighbor's barnyard, the fullness of daffodils multiplying under the Spanish oaks, the securities of spring blossom always at par, the gold standard currency of dawn and sunset — these are assets readily negotiable at any bank where the manager appreciates sound collateral.

Message on a mountain

If a man were honest in filling out his tax return he would admit such extra dividends, all more valuable than the inferior earnings that seem to interest the state. On the other hand an honest man could rightly claim as deductible operating expenses the time wasted in reading the states documents, the parliamentary Hansard and the speeches of all the suffocating official bores.

If the Department of National Revenue should happen to discover my real bank account, doubtless it would send me to jail. For I and all country men have amassed more treasure than we deserve or can possibly spend.

The valiant yellow banners and the wholesome smell of skunk cabbages in February, the first purple catkins dripping like wine from the March alders, the loon's eerie cry on the silent lake, the crackle of deer's footsteps and the insect buzz in the parched summer woods, the corn growing in the hot nights, the autumnal grin of pumpkin, squash and marrow, the drumbeat of winter rain, the moan of wind, the screech of torn branches and the hiss of brush fires in the snow — these are property enough for any man, but he cannot buy them with his chequebook, only with his hands and senses.

Like all men who know the outdoors, I have amassed still more precious assets. Riding in the high Rockies, far above timber line, I have seen some things unsuspected by the traveler in trans-continental or airplane, unrecorded by the camera, unwritten on the tourist advertisements.

Up there the air is clean, the type legible and printed boldly in huge English, but you cannot read it until you have climbed slowly, day by day, through caverns measureless to man (or to Coleridge) and risked your neck on many a slippery precipice. And even when you have read that gigantic typography you cannot reproduce it or convey its import to other men.

The message of the mountains is always confidential, cryptic and brief. One of their communications, a staggering headline, was written on my heart like Cuban on Queen Bloody Mary's, but I shall not try to translate it for the present reader. Enough to state the bald facts.

Fog, rain and snow had kept us battened down in camp for two days and nights. At last a narrow crack in the sky persuaded us to goad our unwilling horses up a vertical shale slide, to a bare ridge of rock where we could hardly see 10 feet ahead and the clouds lay above, below and around us like wet concrete. Then for half a minute, no more, the wind struck from the west and almost blew us from our saddles. The sun stared through the concrete, the clouds were torn to fluttering rags of blue and

continued on page 100

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"See the old world and you return more Canadian than ever"

white, the valley of gilded autumn poplar at our feet was emptied instantly of mist. Sky, earth, mountain and forest, rock and tree were contrasted like the colors in a child's kaleidoscope. The whole planet (how else can I say it?) turned into whirling, bubbling, molten substance as on the day of creation — a sight too dizzy for human eyes to look upon.

As suddenly as they had split, the clouds closed again and we toiled blindly downward through them all day to pitch our camp in darkness under a sky now spangled with stars, beside a cliff of gleaming silver. The Rockies had written their message and sealed the envelope. In all my later journeys I could never reopen it.

Nor could I read the message until I have traveled in more distant lands. The tonsured English meadows, the geometrical French fields, the tidy, upright Alpine farms taught me the essential difference separating the only two kinds of men whatever their race or color, the outdoor men and the men of civilization, the trail men and the street men, forever separate.

In Europe the earth is domesticated and its owners with it. In America, not far from any town, the world is still close to us and makes the stable weather, the fixed matrix of our spirit, whether we know it or not. We know it all right, when we go abroad and see in Europe a continent long tamed, a people truly civilized, as we are not. Europe's land is a garden under man's tillage. Here, outside our few urban strongholds, it is a wilderness which we may raveh but cannot tame, and some of us are not quite tamed yet, either, though we shall be in due time.

A Canadian must see the old world before he comprehends the new. Invariably he will come home more Canadian than ever, and for myself the return to my swamp and the whispered welcome of the forest seems like release from a luxurious prison. That self discovery is worth all the cost and exasperation of foreign travel.

Besides, to most urban Canadians their land, except for the tourist centres and the paved highways is as foreign and unknown as the mountains of Tibet. Once I drove from Halifax to Victoria, with detours of some 20,000 miles, and realized, in the fishing outports of Newfoundland or among Indians up north, that during the previous 50 years of countless trips across Canada I had never seen it at all. Not many Canadians will see it beyond the pavement. Not many will suspect the distinct local thoughtways or even the varied accents of voice and mind that make this a humble of separate nations loosely tied together by a legal constitution and lightly tied by nonlegal contracts stronger than law.

But the trans-Atlantic cultural gulf has been closing fast. America is becoming civilized. It is a shrinking statistical fact, for example, though unmentioned in the government's blue books, that many children now growing up in Canada have never slept under canvas on hemlock boughs or cooked a trout on the end of a willow twig.

The underprivileged generation of affluence traveling in a costly automobile, may get no closer to Canada than a public roadside camp with hot running water and firewood cut at the taxpayers' expense and will go home in the pathetic belief that it has been camping. If I had any influence on national policy, the state would put all Canadian children in a real camp for at least a month every summer. That would be the best possible investment in health, sanity and true culture. It might even stave off a revolution against the Great Society whose beneficiaries are beginning to find its imperfections already as any old wilderness man could have told them in advance.

We seek the meaning of Canada in the cities, their theatres, museums, art galleries, concert halls and night clubs. We spend huge sums from the government's treasury to create a native culture as if we could buy it like instant coffee and cold drinks out of a slot machine. We build still larger cities in the queer new faith replacing the old religion that somehow size, if sufficiently large, will unlock the final secret and reconcile God's ways to man.

I have always held — a poor theory but my own — that the nation is nourished in mind as well as body not mainly by the government, the school system or any man made institution, but by the land and the people's dumb love of it. There is the true unifying force, more binding than parliament, constitution and all the work of the anxious little bureaucrats who try to preserve the nation with statistics, slide rules and computers.

In the cities, revolt

For this theory I have no proof, of course. The youngest assistant professor, or bearded CBC producer will overwhelm me with unanswerable argument. Nevertheless I could subpoena some impressive witnesses if the case were taken to court.

The public would not recognize them, however. They are obscure and nameless men seldom given to speech — dairy farmers on the east evening porches of Ontario, wheat farmers on the hot Saskatchewan plain, loggers in a British Columbia bunkhouse, trappers in their winter cabins, cowboys perched on a Cariboo corral. Concerning such men Washington Irving wrote that they might be rough but they could never be vulgar. I have found also that they are rarely stupid or ignorant for they have a direct knowledge of vital things of weather, soil, growth, animals and the common creatureliness of all life.

Often, though speaking in monosyllables, they are more informative and interesting than educated men because they have mastered their natural environment by accepting it on its own terms and wearing it as comfortably as an old boot, while the city dweller is always in revolt against the synthetic environment of his own making, and his information is second hand. He longs to escape and commands escapes into a more expensive apartment; a cell in the sea cliffs locked. The rustic needs no escape because, he is not imprisoned.

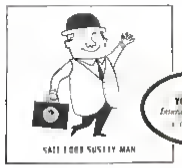
At any rate, I have learned more from Jim Rivaire under canvas in the Rockies from Ted Hulsett in the

continued on page 103

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People will move faster within cities. Local transportation, fully automated and at three levels, including moving walks, will be free. Electric cars will replace gas and diesel. Man will be able to fly by himself but fast, smooth-running trains will also be popular. Goods will move by pipelines and conveyor belts.

No one will work more than two days a week but people will learn how to use their leisure to stimulate the mind as well as exercise the body.

Water will be pure and abundant, and pollution of air and water ended.

But as cities of the next century grow skywards and sideways, as we travel through them or to them above and under the ground, the keystone of their growth and survival will be the spirit men brings to them: not just the structural materials of steel, concrete, glass and plastic.

All these aspects of urbanization in Canada from this century to the next will be reported in detail, depth and breadth by Maclean-Hunter's more than 60 magazines and business publications, as well as our several radio and TV stations.



"The need will be more to complete indoor living for an individual's home, his place of work, his shopping and recreation with indoor connections between these various areas."

Donald A. Redfern, Procter & Redfern Consulting Engineers

"The men of 2067 will move about freely in space by use of airborne projectiles, into city by free public transportation; intercity by highspeed encapsulated tubes; or water by speedy hovercraft."

John W. Miller and Julian Rowen, Industrial Designers

"Main streets in big cities will be covered over. Precipitation will be too valuable to leave around and will be harvested into reservoirs below ground for use later. Cities will resemble giant shopping plazas and will be a mass of glasses color thanks to the widespread use of plastics."

Leonard Bertin, Science Editor, Department of Information, University of Toronto.

"The need to accommodate an expanding population will call for mass produced buildings, which means for repeated geometric forms in our cities. We shall not be able to tell from the man made environment whether we are in Ottawa or Accra. Nature can offset this monotony with unending variety. Every valley shall indeed be exalted as unique. Instead of being filled with garbage, tree farms, land farms, waterways will be exploited and emphasized rather than bulldozed away and hidden from view."

Alan Armstrong, Executive Officer, Canadian Council on Urban and Regional Research.

"Automated ways which appear to be the most likely form for the new transportation technology to take, would permit cities to grow as large as 25 to 55 million people at desirable densities, to an optimum of 6,000 per square mile."

Malcolm S. Tanton and Norman D. Lea, Transportation Engineers.

"Moving sidewalks will be popular for short distances, perhaps with seats, but most of the service will be underground. Vehicles and systems will be fully automatic. Downtown buses will disappear, surface and subway trains may give way to other tube-borne vehicles which will be propelled by air pressure, linear electric motors or rockets. Local distribution of goods will be by conveyor belts, pneumatic tubes and other underground systems."

John R. Baldwin, Deputy Minister of Transport, Ottawa

"To relieve the congestion in metropolitan areas most goods and services will be moved beneath the surface of the ground as fuel energy is now moved in the form of electricity and natural gas. Each house and business will be connected to a vast underground produce pipeline system that will convey milk, food, newspapers, letters, clothes and other items of daily need. The routing will be handled by means of electronic codes and will be directed via sensing devices in the pipeline system from the distributor to the recipient."

Oakah L. Jones, President, Consumers' Gas Co.

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R. S. McLaughlin, Chairman, General Motors of Canada

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Hon. Jean-Luc Pepin, Federal Minister of Energy, Mines and Resources, Ottawa

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BRUCE HUTCHISON
continued

quagmire trails of the North Thompson or Rene Hence on the windy Chilcotin range than several prime ministers could teach me. These communications were off the record and if I printed them here they would not be understood outside the seperate worlds where language has different meanings. Men of this breed use a vocabulary untranslatable unless it is illuminated by camp fires, moonlight and a certain amount of common danger.

In the cities, the businessmen's clubs and Ottawa's parliamentary corridors, I sometimes despair of the nation's future. One day in the outdoors with outdoor men convinces me that the nation is safe. Surveyed from the saddle instead of the armchair, our democratic process looks vigorous enough to survive all the organized efforts to save it.

However that may be, no man can understand society until he has stood at a distance and seen the thing whole from a neutral point, above the city's fumes and clatter. No man can appreciate a cooked meal civilization's first gift until he has been long hungry, a warm bed until he has been cold, a lamp until in open door until he has been lost in the woods, a friend until he needs one, or a woman's love until he has felt the touch of loneliness. After much misery and only then, his soul breaks out of the shallow and is riveted permanently to the substance.

The land, always the land!

There was small misery in my experience but sufficient to give me a triumph of the substance to tell me what better men had endured in this land. The land, always the land! And when you grow older the land seems to grow richer and purer while the cities, swollen in size and power, diminish in your eyes. The westward traveler gleaces back to find the highest towers sticking below the prairie rim.

These are no more than the cranky speculations of an old man who has just returned from a big city with civilization's finest scars. In another mood I might argue the opposite case with equal conviction. But in any mood I now understand with certain information, mercifully hidden from the young, that all humans must travel alone through city or wilderness. Only the vehicles change from age to age. We rode a canvas and log age. Today we ride a jet plane and soon will ride a spacecraft, but we know no better than our grandfathers where we are going. Indeed we may know less than they who at least had a confident sense of direction and faith in ultimate arrival somewhere. Perhaps if I dare utter heresy may be ventured it was not a fortunate day for our species when Darwin politely ushered God out of the universe. Marx invented the fiction of Economic Man and the state erected its pantheon of new gods with plastic hearts and brains of cunning clockwork.

Denied the old certainties we must take such knowledge as we can find around us. It is not much but so far



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"Without work and suffering there can be no satisfaction"

or it goes is reliable. We know that sap rises in the spring, buds open, leaves unfold and drop in autumn to rot and make the new soil on which all must live. Snow falls, frost splits the rock, and the mountains will slide perpendicularly until, as in its beginning, the earth is flat once more, and lifeless. But for a little time the snow will melt again, a drop of moisture will ooze from some tiny arsenic hospital ing between the eastern, western and northern watersheds, I think will seek its ancient terminal, and long, dim, man has gone, the great rivers of Can ada will move unseen to the three oceans.

This much we know on the outer fringes of truth, whose hinterland has been shut and double-barred forever — enough to tell us at least why our civilization is sick. It is sick because man has separated himself from the earth and will never be healed unless he rediscovers the flowing springs and green sacraments of his life.

I have no doubt that the state, perhaps no better and no worse than the private managers, will soon man age every aspect of society and solve all its exterior problems with neat blueprints and wise regulations, but even if the management is perfect it will not banish the interior crisis of mankind, which must be solved, if solved at all, within man's solitary skull.

The state's management will succeed in fact only if freeing man from insensate labor and society's cruel injustice it gives him the chance to flee himself, from the state and find a different sort of labor, another test and a higher prize elsewhere. More and more the state abrogates our old inalienable rights, but it will certainly fail altogether if it infringes our right to work, to suffer and to risk danger, each in his own fashion.

History's march is littered with the bones of rich nations and proud em pires that lost their vital juices and collapsed before a handful of illiterate barbarians because they enjoyed work and welcomed danger. Without work, suffering and danger there can be no satisfaction at the end. Without shar ing there can be no wealth. Without sacrifice for others no rewards. With out self discipline no freedom.

Such stuffy platitudes will be heard in any Canadian Club speech but they are quite true and highly relevant to the present human situation if you examine them candidly. Hence I foresee and eagerly await the day when man, fat with profit and bored with idleness, will rebel against enforced leisure, burst out of his upholstered pill house, walk barefoot on the earth and paint a picture, write a poem or build a cabin with his own hands re fusing any pay. On a small but in creasing scale he has begun to revolt already as you can see every week end in the city's teeming exodus in the negative. At the peak of the social revolution the signs of genuine revolu tion are encouraging. We must be pa tient. The full process will take time. As Chaucer put it long ago, "The lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne." We have not learned it yet but we are slowly learning. ★



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moving?

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MAIL&AG *continued from page 11*

proach encourage theatre by preserving with appreciation what we've got. We've got a good thing going at Stratford. Let's not blast it off the map with fiery words.
DORELL SPRATT ETOBICOKE ONT

* I'm afraid that it is reviews like this, criticisms that run to a lot of hot air without saying anything, that will eventually drive the last vestiges of Canadian theatre into the ground. All that is needed is someone like Czowski in Winnipeg and Halifax to advise everybody that they are unintellectual idiots. Then he can write that two more theatres have cashed in their chips. A play does not have to be Canadian written Canadian-directed, Canadian-mind and presented in such a manner that pseudo-intellectuals will politely applaud while the majority of the theatre going public yawns in order to be *Canadian* theatre.
NICK MORRISON WINNIPEG

Kiddie Guilt

My compliments to writer Jon Ruddy and everyone connected with the article *The Secret World of Kiddie-Cult*, which was not only well written but well researched. I learned plenty. — MELVIN HLLITZER, PRESIDENT, HLLITZER MARING LITERA, INC., ADVERTISING AGENCY, NEW YORK, N.Y.

Quebec: no merge, no mix

When speaking of the spirit of the people of Quebec (*The Long Happy Life of Lester Pearson*) the prime minister might have said that the French in Quebec most certainly do know where they are going — politically that they have everything to gain and nothing to lose in this blown-up combustion of discontented feelings that have been smouldering for the past 200 years in a minority group that they chose to sit in narrow, cramped confines and sulk over their forefathers' defeat, rather than merge and mix and work with the rest of the people to make Canada a great united nation. Alexander Ross's question contains the phrase "English Canada," and in Pearson's answer appears "French Canada." Here one gets a rather sad faraway feeling for a forsaken Canada.
CRAIG M. HENDERSON, TRURO, NS

Vancouver: what "good life"?

In *Its Message Is Love!* Jack Batten writes of the "good life" in Vancouver. All I can say is: he can have it! Obviously Batten hasn't lived in Vancouver with its dirt, smog, fog, gutters, overcrowding, confusion and rain, rain, rain. If you are one of the elite few who live the elite life, okay. But what of the thousands of others who live simple workaday lives? As far as I can determine, most are too busy trying to get ahead in the rat race to even notice the life that *supposedly* is going on. The rest of us westerners are quite content to stay where we are.
J. LEFEVRE EDMONTON

* I resent the derogatory remarks made regarding Mayor Tom Campbell. Although I do not totally agree with Campbell's endeavors, he must be given credit for having the welfare of Vancouver at heart and is not afraid to fight for what he thinks is right.
MRS. W. J. GEBOW VANCOUVER

* I was amused by the newer showing Mayor Campbell and five bikini-clad maidens. It was only yesterday that when the Doukhobors in West Kootenay dis

continued on page 110

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BEFORE WE MARK IT

GM
MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Vancouver: nice place to visit—and get out / Abortion

rebel: political meetings were broken up, strong men took cover and there was general mayhem. My how we have matured!

MRS. J. RUSSELL KIMBERLEY, B.C.

* It is sad to see Vancouver's beautiful beachfront lined with plastic people pankages" of a high rise nauseating sameness to every mediocre American city of comparable size. I expected something more in keeping with the breath taking beauty of sea and mountains that form a setting for an ideal city. Equally banal are the fashion photos of passive young women trying to out *Vogue* *Vogue*. Strictly somewhere in Vancouver there are talented Canadians alive with the spunk that motivates an Yves Saint Laurent, a Balenciaga, an architectural heir to a Starkuen Le Corbusier or Wright. The message for Vancouver should read "Originality, where are you?" — ANNE BONNYCASTLE, YOUNG KLAN CITY, CALIFORNIA

* Your report merely confirms my opinion of Vancouver as the national glamour output of bourgeoisie wealth and respectability, where intellectuals are few and far between, progressive art movements are regarded, if at all, with disdain and hostility, and the hippies represent a pollution of the pure air of conservatism. All in all a nice place to visit to see how the upper half lives — and then thankfully move on.

U. FRANCIS, LONDON, 1967

Women (only) should decide

The subject of birth control and abortion in very much in the news lately. All the periodicals seem to be printing articles about it by various ladies. However, so far as I am concerned the only sensible one yet to appear has been published in the American magazine *Grump* [May-June No. 12]. I think it reflects what most women really think on the subject. It is *my* business whether I have a baby or not. It's getting mighty tire some seeing the subject discussed as if we were cows to be bred whether we should breed every two years or not, whether the abortion would damage the stock, whether aborting would damage our nerves, at what month life really begins.

It is just too much. When women discuss the subject of pregnancy among themselves — believe me — these arguments have no relevance at all.

Doesn't it seem logical that when girls finally become women with full responsibility for their own lives they will become more mature, enjoyable and rewarding partners to men? So this subject should be of great interest to men too if they want a real partner.

MRS. MARY MACMILLAN, OTTAWA

EDITOR'S NOTE: The *Grump* article by Jeanne Sakel, says in part: "I am the Forgotten Woman of the Legal Abortion Movement. I am the ordinary woman of child-bearing age and a certain sexual involvement. I work in a big city, travel, read without moving my lips. I consider it primarily my own business whether or not to have a child.

"Being totally responsible for the functions of my body, bank account, tax returns and even behavior, I feel that I — and every other woman — should have total control over this incredibly personal matter.

"A sound Law for Legalized Abortion would be brief and to the point.

"1. A pregnant woman may have her pregnancy terminated at her discretion and will.

"2. No pregnant woman shall be forced to terminate her pregnancy against her religious or ethical beliefs.

"That takes care of everybody.

"Standards of private morality are a matter of private concern. Sexual freedom or restraint are likewise private.

"To those who view Legalized Abortion as an imposition on their religious beliefs, the answer is: "Do as you must, but do not dictate to me. Because I think baseball is dumb does not mean I think everyone should be prevented from wasting time watching it, playing it or talking about it." ★

A lot of whiskies pretend to be rye.

We don't pretend. Because we are rye.

All Rye.

Don't let anyone kid you. All Canadian whiskies are nicknamed "rye". But most are made from corn, even when they say rye on the label. Alberta Distillers is the only Canadian distiller that doesn't keep a kernel of corn in the place, because we believe in the clean, gentle taste of an all rye, like Alberta Premium.



expo67

MACLEAN'S REVIEWS

OCTOBER 1967 VOLUME 80 NUMBER 10

The best fiction movie Canada ever made...

ERNIE TURNER is a blond angelic man-child, a guy who stares wistfully out back windows, carries his life around in his suitcase, steals his supper and charms his way into the warm homes of women on their own. He is, according to 33-year-old film director Don Owen "a misfit like the rest of us," and Owen should know. He created Ernie as a Centennial project for the National Film Board and the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

The Ernie Game is no unlikely movie to be produced by the mating of Canada's two biggest artistic establishments at any time. But considering the financial and spiritual upheaval both those organizations have been going through in the past two years, it's practically a miracle. Somehow Owen has produced nothing less than the best English-Canadian fiction film to date and, what's more, a strikingly original, highly personal and engaging film.

Just how he did it is a mystery, even though Owen is the escape artist of the Canadian film world. Owen, you'll remember, is the man who made the highly successful feature, *Nobody Waved Good-bye*, while his bosses thought he was working on a half-hour documentary drama about delinquents.

This time he had the official go-ahead to make a feature, one of three color films planned for the double purpose of being broadcast on CBC's *Festival* and then released theatrically. Though the NFB Costs mounted and the number dropped to two, *The Ernie Game* (broadcast date, Nov. 5) and *Waiting For Caroline* (broadcast date, Nov. 29) directed by Don Kelly. Both were shot between January and April this year in Quebec, Montreal and Vancouver.

Owen's moment of truth came after the screening of his first rough version of the film. He faced a roomful of CBC and NFB executives, most of whom were appalled or bewildered by what they had seen and convinced they had a $300,000 disaster on their hands.

"This isn't the movie you said you were going to make," someone accused him and Owen doesn't deny it. But it was roughly the movie he wanted to make and he was ready to fight for it publicly if necessary. Faced with the threat of losing everything he'd achieved during two years of searching, learning, planning, rethinking and working very hard, he decided to take his name off the picture if his double sponsors insisted on drastic changes.

Now that all is ending well, CBC people are saying (unofficially of course) that they saved the picture, while Owen says he saved it from both CBC and NFB interference. After all the wrangling a few facts remain: (1) the CBC and NFB are paying the bills and will share all profits. (2) *The Ernie Game* is clearly a film by Don Owen.

It shouldn't surprise anyone familiar with the NFB's reverence for documentary to hear that *The Ernie Game* started out as a story involving educational scenes in a mental hospital. Mental health is obviously a worthy subject, while the sad and funny story of a misfit might just possibly be entertaining.

Fortunately it is. The final version is quite free from the sanctimonious smell of case history, though it is still based on original stories by Bernard Cole Spencer, a man with considerable experience of mental hospitals and a phenomenal memory. Ernie Turner has his problems, as who doesn't, but the movie doesn't presume to judge him, analyse him or comment on the rules by which he plays his game of life.

Ernie, Don Owen and I are a little the same. Alexis Kanner remarked during the shooting last March. "But I can't describe him any more than I can describe myself." Kanner is a 25-year-old ex-Montrealer who looks like a neurotic Terence Stamp. As a teenage dropout with promise he got a part in *My Fur Lady*, the record-making college revue then dropped out of "self-nonsciaus, boring" Canada to work in England and finally find fame as the *Hamlet* in white-face of Peter Brooks' nontraversial London production.

The Ernie Game has a lot going for it: pop music by The Kensington Market, a Toronto group, color photography by Montreal's outstanding cinematographer, Jean-Claude Labrecque (N.B. see it on a color TV), and memorable performances by Alexis Kanner, Judith Gault and Jacqueline Burroughs. The two very different women who are drawn into Ernie's game.

Best of all, Owen's film is blessedly free from self-consciousness. This alone constitutes a breakthrough in Canadian film-making. The question of whether or not it is really a Canadian movie is by the way, though for once there is no doubt about it. It was financed by government money, directed by a Toronto-born Montrealer, had a theatrical cast and crew and was shot entirely on location in a few blocks of downtown Montreal.

The movie is also thoroughly modern, though again not in a self-nonscious way. As Owen told the film magazine *Take One*: "The things that it deals with are things that are the preoccupation of the psychedelic generation — but it's not about drugs at all. The film is about sanity, insanity, consciousness, that kind of thing — I mean the surface of those things."

My guess is that *The Ernie Game* should have a wide appeal to young audiences in most of the world. That is if, for once, it can be intelligently promoted and distributed. It's good enough to demand a solution to a number of long-standing problems (see box).

WENDY MICHENER



Alexis Kanner, a man-child misfit looking like a neurotic Terence Stamp

...and the reasons why you may not be able to see it

UNDER THE PRESENT rules you will have to go outside Canada to see *The Ernie Game*. If you happen to miss the telecast on November 5. The reasons involve U.S. control of movie exhibition, distribution and unions within Canada. The International Alliance of Theatrical Stage Employees is a New York-based union which controls virtually all movie craftsmen in the U.S. and is seeking similar control in Canada. IATSE already rules that projectionists in Canadian movie houses may not show films without a union seal. The rule is regularly broken in the case of "foreign" films, and so a Canadian feature might get by in the U.S. — but could easily be shut out here.

This is precisely what IATSE threatened to do during the shooting of the two NFB-CBC productions in an attempt to force the NFB to use IATSE crews. Most of the crew members already belonged to Canadian unions which have rules made to suit the state of film-making here. Judy LaMarsh rebuked the union in the House of Commons and the film went ahead. But the distribution question is still up in the air.

Even if IATSE allows its projectionists to show *The Ernie Game* it could be kept out of the major Canadian movie houses by American distributors such as Columbia Pictures which normally handles NFB films in U.S. companies don't believe in releasing a film until two years after it has been on television. This may make commercial sense in the U.S., but not in Canada where television is the chief sponsor of Canadian film.

Timing is important to the success of the film especially when it speaks very much of the present mood, like *The Ernie Game*. Two years from now the subject may be out of date, the style may have been copied a dozen times, and the film will certainly have less chance of commercial success. This in turn means that everyone else who wants to make features in Canada will have a harder time raising money.

Columnists who make con men shudder

The good old newspaper expose is back — capturing new readers

NEWSPAPER READERS who pine for the good old days of muckraking may not have realized it, but in at least three Canadian dailies the old-time exposé has crept back—in the sedate style of a question-and-answer "service" column.

In the London *Free Press* a column called *Sound Off* has been warning housewives against such shady firms as a company that hands out "free" sewing machines to people who



Toronto Telephone Directory

Toronto Telephone Directory: 4,000 people a month ping into Action Line

soon discover themselves targets for high-pressure salesmen with empty cash nuts to sell.

Sound Off has also come to the rescue of readers troubled by such minor though irksome problems as over-billing by badly organized mail-order companies.

On at least one occasion, *Sound Off's* one-man staff, Gordon Sanderson, literally stumbled onto a good story prowling a local cemetery to check a complaint that access had been cut off by road construction. Sanderson discovered a grave had been robbed. Climbing further the police found the corpse and casket had been snatched as a Halloween prank by two university students. They were convicted of mischief with human remains and fined $200 each.

In his Toronto *Daily Star* column, *What Should I Do?*, Sidney Katz typically follows up a question with multiple answers—various solutions" from experts interviewed especially for the occasion. Some exchanges come on sounding like a subersided Ann Landers with a PhD. ("Sample: "I am a woman from India. Employers won't hire me because I wear a sari. What can I do?" Answer: "Legally you haven't a case—but see if the Ontario Human Rights Commission will help you.") In a campaign that spilled over into the news columns, Katz helped get a library set up in Moosonee, where youngsters—mostly impoverished Indians—had nothing to read. One current project: arranging immigration and jobs for a Bombay couple with eight children who wrote from India to say they feel persecuted by their government's new policies favoring small families.

The Toronto *Telegram*, though is where the real *Action Line* is. Bossing a hard-working team of two writers (including himself) four researchers and two mail-and-telephone secretaries, Frank Drea handles a front-page column that draws an incredible 4,000 letters and phone inquiries a month.

Crooked promoters and door-to-door con men have discovered they can't thrive for long in Toronto without suffering from the glare of publicity in the Tely. Besides the countless arbitrations they've concluded successfully for readers ensnarled with bureaucratic book clubs, sloppy appliance repairmen and bait-and-switch salesmen, Drea and his team have jailed at least one white-collar crook (a contractor who specialized in discovering "faulty" chimneys owned by naive widows) and have run three or four others out of business. Yet by leaning both sides of every story before plunging into print, the *Action Line* team have avoided the nasty rants of hitting big firms become easy whipping boys for can-hankerous customers.

Action Line has also struck some worthwhile blows for freedom. In his most memorable moment so far, Drea marched into Yorkdale shopping plaza confronted the Soviet Union's visiting deputy premier, Dmitri Polyansky and asked him to intervene on behalf of John Gobin, a Toronto plumber who had been trying for 17 years to get his mother an exit visa from Soviet-controlled Latvia. Polyansky agreed. One day last May—on *Action Line's* first anniversary—Mrs. Gobin arrived at Toronto International Airport.

Now between trying sessions with lesser fish, Drea is working on the release of seven other next-of-kin in five Iron Curtain countries.

But is *Action Line* a front-page novelty that's soon likely to wear off?

"Not with all this feedback we're getting," says Drea, eyeing his stacks of letters and phone reports. "Even the oldtimers in the business have never seen anything like it."

PHYLLIS METCHELL and HAL TENNANT

Movies

Why critics gunned down Bonnie & Clyde

Here's one Great American Dream that's too realistic for the American psyche

BONNIE AND CLYDE were not lovers of a tap-dancing team but a gangster couple who shot their way through the depression-dry southwest U.S. of the early 1930s. The story of these real folk-heroes has been made by Arthur Penn into a touching and terrifying saga that has already become this year's controversial American movie.

Bosley Crowther of the New York *Times* rose to the attack when *Bonnie and Clyde* was first shown at the gala opening of Montreal's eighth International Film Festival. "Time after time," he wrote of the American producers, "they have come up with some of their most embarrassing bobbles. They've done it again."

Embarrassing maybe. Just as Vietnam is embarrassing and Watts is embarrassing and the Hell's Angels and Lee Harvey Oswald. America is used to seeing itself as the good guy—like the sharp-shooting cowboy who restores order and keeps the peace. American violence saved the world in 1918 and again in 1945.

But now violence has become the new evil, replacing sex as Public Enemy No. 1. If the peace-preaching hippies are just one public expression of a gnawing private conscience) and movie violence has suddenly become an embarrassment. After years of accepting wild Westerns, glamorized gangsters, worthy wars and brutal Bonds as harmless entertainment, some U.S. critics have gone all moral over *Bonnie and Clyde*. Crowther in particular has been writing as if he would like to destroy the film as thoroughly as Deputy Sheriffs Ted Hinton and Bob Alcorn destroyed Bonnie and Clyde on May 23, 1934—with a full 1,000 rounds of ammunition.

The really embarrassing part is that *Bonnie and Clyde* is not any kind of bobble but a trim story told with uncomforting realism and undeniable artistry. It's an "A" movie but at the same time—and this is the part that really alarms the moralists—a sure-fire money-making hit.

Yes, we understand that crime doesn't pay. Mr. Penn but what about the masses who will identify with Faye Dunaway and Warren Beatty? This, in effect, was the attitude of several people who challenged the director at his Montreal press conference. The only honest answer right now is that nobody really knows about the effects of watching violence. One study indicates that lawful violence might be the most dangerous because it inspires imitation while the U.S. production code assumes to the contrary that as long as the bad guys get theirs the audience is safe from temptation.

Bonnie and Clyde more than satisfies the production code's golden rule. Young, beautiful and bold as they are, the gun-happy pair are clearly in for a very short spree. (Bonnie was just 24 when she died.) And since Clyde is "the lover boy" at the start, it's equally clear that his crimes are more desperate than brave. "We rob banks," they say, grinning pleased to be actually doing something at a time when most people had no jobs. But the robberies and consequent murders brought them more fame than money. ("You made me somebody they gonna remember," says Bonnie.)

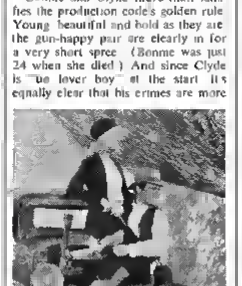
They lived in the American dream of being rich and famous. They even went to see Busby Berkeley's *Gold Diggers of 1933* after their first murder. But theirs was a fatal fame-seen it made them a constant target safe only so long as their Ford V-8 could beat the police into another state. Their car was their home away from home (the original motel) and it turned into a four-doored hell when Clyde recruited his brother Buck (Gene Hackman) and his siren-voiced wife (Estelle Parsons) to the family gang.

"When we started out," Bonnie complains, "I thought we was really goin' somewheres. But this is it: we're just goin'."

Bonnie is seized by dread and asks to see her mother. It's Penn's most remarkable sequence in a movie that's full of a sense of time lost and time remembered. Their families meet for a picnic in the middle of a misty green nowhere-heralded for a moment in the safe world of childhood before returning to their hunted existence.

I find Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway both lacking in grit but their star-quality serves the picture well enough. *Bonnie and Clyde* is one of those rare movies that truly reflect the American genius. It is shocking because it says that violence is funny, that violence is glamorous and that violence hurts.

WENDY MICHENER



Bonnie and Clyde: violence is the message. 1,000 bullets the medium.

Books

Two faces of the enemy in World War II

A novelist ponders an old dilemma and a reporter recreates a crucial battle

IF TRUTH IS the first casualty of a war, surely a significant portion of man's humanity to man must fall victim, too, before that initial volley. In his fine new novel, *An Operational Necessity* (Longmans, $7.95), Gwyn Griffin examines the basic moral dilemma facing men engaged in total war.

Late in World War II a German submarine commander orders the sinking of a sluggish old freighter and then to get rid of the telltale debris orders his gunnery officer to machine-gun attack with grenades and finally ram the flotsam which includes rafts to which survivors are clinging. One of the crew survives and he becomes a principal witness when the U-boat commander and the gunnery officer go on trial for their lives before a military tribunal at the end of the war.

Emil the gunnery officer states the dilemma in his testimony. After pleading that he had to obey orders could not question them, he says: "I think all killing is wrong and as war is largely killing war is wrong. But I did not start the war."

In the days of the shrivalric code the fighting and the dying were presumably done by professionals who came to their work well-plated. At times civilians would suffer if the drunken and licentious soldiery was turned loose for a night on the town but civilians were not designated as primary targets as they are today. Modern war calls for total involvement: there are no non-combatants if you carry the concept through to its ugly conclusion. Wars are won by killing, and the blood of a mother and child particularly if the mother works in a defense plant can help top off the cup held by the Moloch of war just as well as the blood of a soldier. The theory seems to be that when that cup is full the war will end.

Since the last big war we have been examining this obscene proposition with more frequency, some earnestness and quite a bit of official hypocrisy. The procedure is that the winners hold the losers accountable for their atrocities. It is unlikely therefore that the men who ordered the 48-hour fire-bombing of Hamburg or the bloody strike against defenseless Dresden will ever be brought to book. But questions are being asked and this novel [it is no fact but a dramatically realized story] asks some of them with force and penetration.

I thought as I read the book of an experience at the end of the last war I accompanied a group of soldier scientists taking their first look at Hiroshima after the bomb fell. Our interpreter was a Japanese American U.S. Air Force sergeant from San Diego. His mother and two sisters visiting Hiroshima had been trapped there by the outbreak of war. He asked if he could look for them. He came back with one sister; the mother and the other girl had been downtown when the bomb fell and they had been atomized. He turned a tear-stained face to one of the officers. "Why?" he asked. This colonel gulped. "It's war, son. We had to."

An Operational Necessity is not only a good story but a disturbing one.

WALTER COMB talked to 400 combatants from both sides before writing *Sacrifice Victory* (Fitzhenry and Whiteside, $7.50) the story of the Battle of Midway, a clash that cut the mighty Japanese navy down to size and pointed the way to victory in the Pacific. Never again would the Japanese navy dare to attempt to smash United States sea power with one blow. And Midway became one of the great battles, like Trafalgar, in the annals of war at sea.

Making a neat pattern out of a swirling, often confused naval-air battle 25 years after the event must be like trying to reassemble a flak burst. But within the framework of the conflict we are given a series of battle pictures and personal closeups not unlike those film director John Ford might shot with his cameras during the three-day battle early in June 1942. That's the kind of book it is. Lord has not attempted a definitive history. There are 16 pages of photographs.

He shows us, in his text, a Japanese deck officer on a carrier (it was a battle of flattops) who thinks he sees his mother's face in a column of water thrown up by a near miss. Over Midway a Japanese pilot tries an incredible stunt — flying upside down a few feet off the airstrip until shot down. On the eve of battle a U.S. pilot belatedly tries to buy $10,000 worth of GI insurance.

And when it was over an old war within the U.S. forces erupted again. Pilots of the navy and the army air force (8 175s were on some strikes) came to blows at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel in Honolulu as they argued about who had won the Battle of Midway. There were times when they seemed as mad at each other as they were at the Japanese. JOHN CLARE

The comic who cuts up Canadians

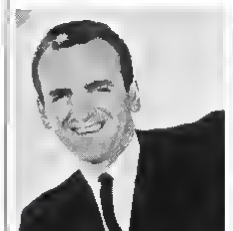
John Barber doesn't want to come back to Canada — or simply doesn't dare

A GRIM ROLL almost drowns out the rattle of swizzle sticks at San Francisco's *Hungry i*. Enter a fresh-faced comedian, beaming. "Hi! I'm from Canada." Tentative applause from a seersucker jacket in the third row. Comic: "I know how great you feel, sir. I'm not going back either."

Terrific! For years Canadians have been denigrating themselves at home — "What is Expo anyway but a flash in the pan that isn't even *gold* for you?" Now at last all we may savein have got a popular spokesman in the U.S. John Barber's subtlink is to flay his native land with the bogey whip of cultural and economic deprivation. Of course U.S. audiences don't get this thrill out of this sort of stuff that Canadians do — Flay us again, John! — but they appreciate the humor.

In nightclubs and nationally on TV (six appearances so far with Merv Griffin and the first of three with Dean Martin), Barber introduced as a Canadian and leaven them for dead with sunk lines as "The Communists tried to take over our government but they had to give up. They couldn't find it." And "Canadian like a lot of southern states in that you can't vote if you're illiterate, but you can get elected."

Barber, who is now 29 and lived in Toronto until his late teens, says the only attitude his audiences display toward Canada is gross indifference. "They just don't give a damn. They like to laugh at other nationalities though. His biggest problem is finding things they know about Canada.



Canned an Barber: slinging Americans by repeatedly flaying his native land.

"If it's not topical down here, then it doesn't mean anything." Since there is a feeling in California that Canada is some kind of haven for pinkos Barber gets a big laugh with "Coming from Canada I can tell you that socialism won't work. I know a number of socialists in Canada and they won't work."

For periodic trips east he has worked up some anti-New York patter. "In Canada we have the largest world's fair ever. Expo 67 and there's parking for 30,000 cars at a huge empty lot called the New York World's Fair. In order to build the area for our fair we filled the St. Lawrence with 300,000 tons of dirt — actually it was the Hudson River." But mostly he sticks to a self-deprecating line. Moving onward and downward, Barber will say, "The U.S. is a land of opportunity where any boy can grow up to be President. But how many Canadians can grow up to be Queens? More than you know. We're too conservative to call them homosexuals. We call them Mounties."

Barber is married to a San Francisco nightclub dancer (retired) named Sonia. He lives comfortably in a North Hollywood apartment and hasn't been back to Canada for years. But he has retained his Canadian citizenship. "I haven't got my U.S. citizenship yet, but my brother got his," he tells his audiences. "I think a day he'll never forget because that's the day he was drafted." TON ATOM

The Contest

CONTEST NO. 20

Hippies already have in nihilist the dilloid and a slogan "Make Love, Not War." What they obviously lack to make the movement swing musically is an inspirational song. Readers are invited to provide the first verse and chorus for a Hymn of the Hippies to be set to the tune of *Onward Christian Soldiers*. Entries must reach The Yellow Pages Contest, Maclean's Magazine, 480 University Ave., Toronto 2, by Oct. 27.

RESULTS OF CONTEST NO. 18

Readers were asked to submit examples of Found Poems — poetry picked out of every-day prose passages and rearranged in verse form. There were an enormous number of entries with contestants finding inspiration in everything from telephone directories to amusingly Prime Minister Pearson's speeches and academic texts on child behavior. Some cheated slightly by selecting classical prose pieces that were already half-poetry and about a dozen others sought to flatter the judges by rearranging the contest instructions themselves. A prize of $10 to each of the entries printed below:

After mating
A turtle
Stays fertile
(From a newspaper column on pet care)
MARY BARNSHAW POST
TALBOT., ONT.

Steep Hill
Slow to Ten
Runaway Lane
on the Second Bend
(Sign on a BC mountain highway)
MRS. FAITH FELL
NORTH SUPPEY, BC

Kindle enkindle
Light ignite
Make
Fire
Feed
Add fuel to the flames
(From Roget's *Thesaurus*)
DOUGLAS LONG, MONTREAL

Your first record is free
If you join and agree
To pay the modest $35.00
lifetime enrollment fee
(Letter from a record club)
MRS. K. F. MACLENNAN,
CALGARY

CHECKLISTINGS

A critical glance at the things Canadians will watch, read, listen to and talk about this month

PLACES

✔ **The WIF Club**, 7 Brunswick Ave., Toronto, probably serves the best curried goat in Canada. WIF stands for West Indies Federation, which was a political flop but remains a culinary triumph, besides the goat, the bill of fare includes escaveched fish, West Indian roast beef, ackee with salt fish and a variety of exotic rum-based drinks. Another echo of the islands is the limbo dancing of Beverly Samarina and Tatty Smith and the sexy calypso music of Jamaica's Lord Tanamo.

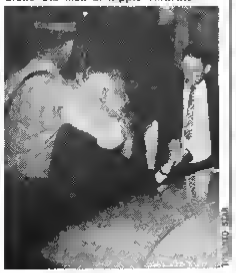
✔ **Stop 33, Sutton Place Hotel**, Bay Street, Toronto, is a lavish glassed-in lounge with a view 33 floors above the city's midtown. Customers at the bar, perched on what appears to be a sheer drop, are careful not to fall off their stools. On a clear day you can see New York state and wave at small planes passing to and from the island airport. New and popular but not for vertiginous or cost-conscious people. The management has slapped a 10 percent "entertainment" charge on drinks, presumably to cover the cost of the view.

OLD PEOPLE

✔ **Robert (Pops) Gilgour** is proof that a hippie is only as old as he feels. At 67, he is the Grand Old Man of Toronto's seething, youthful Yorkville district. When the Yorkville crowd mounted sit-in demonstrations against road traffic last August, Pops was in the middle of the melee. Police put a chokehold on him and carted him off in the paddywagon along with dozens of other hippies. Gilgour, born in Peterborough, Ont., lives on his old-age pension. When the cheque comes in, he organizes a feed-in for indigent hippies. Pops is convinced the hippies are only going through a phase, — but a necessary one. "To those kids, race and creed don't matter. They get away from hate. It's going to be a helluva better world with this generation."

✔ **Mrs. Adela Pattison** of Montreal believes there is no reason why a woman shouldn't make use of her education and follow a profession once her children are in school. Or even once her grandchildren are in school. Mrs. Pattison, now 67, has three daughters and seven grandchildren. She was divorced nine years ago and decided to become self-supporting. So she enrolled in McGill University's law school, became the faculty's oldest student and has now set up her own practice in Montreal. Despite this accomplishment, Mrs. Pattison says she has "absolutely no use for Betty Friedan or her feminist philosophies."

Pops and cops: Gilgan is the Grand Old Man of hippie Yorkville



TELEVISION

✔ **W5** on CTV and the CBC's yet unnamed replacement for *Sunday* will both be back on the air by the end of the month (Sundays, 10 p.m.). Ken Cavanaugh, Merle Shain and Charles Templeton will be the regulars on W5. Producer Ross McLean's CBC show will include contributions from Patrick Watson (*sans* Laurier LaPierre), Ken Lefolii, Percy Saltzman, Peter Desbarats, Hans Pohl and Cameron Smith.

✔ **Mutiny on the Bounty**, a 3½-hour blockbuster presentation of Lewis Milestone's so-so 1962 movie. It stars Marlon Brando, Trevor Howard, John Mills and Hugh Griffiths. Ford, the sponsors, hope to repeat last year's *River Kwai* success. (CTV, Sun. Sept. 24, 8 p.m. EDT)

✔ **Canada 101**, third of a new weekly series of discussion programs about Canada's future during her second century. Host Charles Templeton will cross-examine expert guests and students in the audience will fire their own questions about the topic. (CTV, Mon. Sept. 25, 10:30 p.m. EDT)

✔ **Centennial Performance**, the second of three special classical concerts combining international stars and promising young Canadian musicians. This performance features contralto Maureen Forrester and pianist Richard Gresko. (CBC, Wed. Oct. 4, 9:30 p.m. EDT)

✔ **The True North**, fourth in an 11-part half-hour series on Canada's north filmed in color. This program deals with the exotic army of animals that inhabit the Arctic and the role of the Hudson's Bay Company in the development of the area. (CBC, Thurs. Oct. 5, 10:30 p.m. EDT)

✔ **Festival** returns with Harold Pinter's *Tea Party*, a sparkling conversational drama about baffling disintegration of a self-made man who prides himself on his clarity of mind. Starring Tony van Bridge, Leo Cleeri, Michael Learned and Pat Galloway and directed by Eric Till. (CBC, Wed. Oct. 11, 9:30 p.m. EDT)

✔ **Festival** presents William Hanley's 1964 Broadway hit *Slow Dance on the Killing Ground*, a viciously realistic drama about life in Brooklyn. Stars Billy Dee Williams, Gillie Fenwick and Marilyn Lightstone. (CBC, Wed. Oct. 18, 9:30 p.m. EDT)

MOVIES

✔ **The Naked Runner**. Spy director Sidney Furie goes style-crazy, but what else can you do when you've got to manoeuvre Frank Sinatra through a totally unbelievable spy story? Furie's camera tricks turn nonsense into eye-lifting suspense.

✔ **Rough Night in Jericho**. Genuine imitation routine Western, but the spirit of the cynical 1960s shows through in its assumption that the only real difference between lawman George Peppard and town tyrant Dean Martin is in their take-home pay.

✔ **Accident**. Joseph Losey's brilliant investigation of the dynamics of a car accident involving two Oxford professors (Stanley Baker, Dirk Bogarde) and two students (Jacqueline Sassard, Michael York). A must for film buffs.

✔ **Luv**. Movie version of Murray Schisgal's Broadway play debunking moon-June love. A disastrous mixture of styles (burlesque, revue, situation comedy) and stars (Elaine May, Jack Lemmon and Peter Falk).

✔ **The Family Way**. Home truths delivered with Boulting Bros. flair for comedy and Bill (*Alfie*) Naughton's gift for realistic regional repartee. Hayley Mills and Hywel Bennett are the working class newlyweds who find it doesn't come so naturally with family in the way. Recommended to anyone who liked *Robson's Chance* or *A Taste Of Honey*.

BOOKS

✔ **The Delta Factor** by Mickey Spillane (Clarke, Irwin, $4.95). Morgan the Raider has apparently taken over from Mike Hammer as the author's new rough hero. And it looks as though Morgan might be here to stay for a while because just as this exciting novel comes to a violent end after a bloodbath and a prison break he is jumping out of the washroom of a charter airplane into the sea. Spillane was thoughtful enough to supply him with a parachute, so look for him to be back to zap the bad guys and reduce the bad girls (and the good ones) to panting playthings with a look.

✔ **Save Me The Waltz** by Zelda Fitzgerald (Burns and MacEachern, $9) is a welcome reissue of a famous yet somewhat unknown novel first published in 1932 by F. Scott Fitzgerald's wife. The story is clearly autobiographical and deals fictionally with some of the same events in their life together that Fitzgerald used in *Tender Is The Night* which came out two years later. The literary detectives are having a fine time trying to figure out how much work he did on Zelda's book which was written in a furious six weeks after her breakdown. It's the story of an era and a couple over whose lives seemed to lie the indigo of late afternoon and who were always on their way to yet another party. For that mood alone, it's well worth reading.



Zelda: muse to a genius and Cinderella at a mood-indigo era

✔ **A Thinking Man's Guide to Baseball** by Leonard Koppett (Clarke, Irwin, $7.25). There's plenty of time between the spasms of activity for reading so if someone will just turn on a light in that bar where you and the group from the office go to watch the World Series you can, with the help of this book, soon become the most knowledgeable bull in the long lunch crowd. And nestled among the facts and figures (the author supplies everything except a finger mitt) are such human interest items as an assessment of Ole Case that cuts through the Steagelese for a clear look at the real manager if not the real man.

✔ **A Second-Hand Life** by Charles Jackson (Collier Macmillan, $7.25). The writer gave the language a new phrase with his novel *A Lost Weekend* in 1944. It doesn't look as though this one will do as much for nymphomania as that first one did for alcoholism. Winifred Grainger found out not long after she was seduced by a friend of daddy's at the age of 11 that sex had nothing to do with love. So she became a man-watcher the way some men become girl-watchers. Her big affair starts when she leans out of her father's Cadillac and says "Hi" to a perfect stranger with hair on his wrists. Later on in the book she tries to philosophize about all this but that's just the way she is. Somehow Winnie doesn't sound like much fun under any kind of covers.

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